

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 26, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

BOXING'S BIGGEST WEEK

Roberto Duran Leads
The Parade of Champs



A man with dark, wavy hair and a slight smile is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a camouflage-patterned shirt. A lit cigarette is held in his mouth. His right hand is raised, showing a peace sign. The background is a blurred view of a beach and the ocean under a clear sky.

Viceroy

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Less 'Tar'

...than
Winston or Marlboro.

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And it's a promise that Viceroy keeps.

The method for delivering flavor is as simple as it is smart.

Instead of using stronger tobacco, Viceroy uses *more*¹ tobacco, and a *lower*² 'tar' blend than Winston or Marlboro.

The result is a mild, fully packed cigarette with an extra satisfying taste.

And, yes, lower 'tar' than Marlboro or Winston.

1. DURING 1976, VICEROY KINGS HAD, BY WEIGHT, 23.35 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN WINSTON KINGS AND 40-52 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN MARLBORO KINGS (AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE).
2. VICEROY HAS A UNIQUE, ACID-BLEND OF NATURALLY LOW 'TAR' TOBACCO AND A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT ALLOWS THE USE OF MORE PARTS OF THE TOBACCO LEAF THAT ARE LOW IN 'TAR' (VICEROY 16 MGS. 'TAR' WINSTON 19 MGS. 'TAR' MARLBORO 18 MGS. 'TAR' AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE, FTC REPORT, DECEMBER, 1976.)

A central bottle of Calvert Extra American Whiskey is the focal point. It is surrounded by an assortment of fresh fruits including a large red apple, a peach, several strawberries, and a tomato. Two soft drinks are also featured: a tall glass of orange juice with an orange slice on the rim and a glass of pineapple juice with a strawberry garnish. The background is a plain, light color, making the products stand out.

Soft Drinks

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EXTRA

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Adults

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and pineapple
juice?

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grapefruit juice. (If we can
sweeten them, so can you!)

It's time you tried whiskey with something
besides rocks and bubbles. Remember,
though: Soft drinks for adults always start with

The Soft Whiskey. Calvert Extra.

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Some women need life insurance more than their husbands do.

New York Life's Working-wife Policies.

The notion that life insurance is for men only is fast disappearing. And about time, we say. The need for protection does not depend on sex or age or occupation.

If the family is young, the death of the mother is cause for more than grief. Someone must care for the children and the home—and that may be a significant, continuing expense. In the

case of a working wife, the loss of her income may prove a crippling jolt to a family heavily dependent on it.

The fact is, some women do need life insurance more than their husbands do. And almost every woman needs some life insurance. Talk to your New York Life Agent soon. She or he is a good person to know.



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Bethlehem Steel is looking for a fight. A fair fight.

Name a foreign steel producer. We'll get in the commercial ring with him and battle it out for America's steel market. And if we both fight by the same rules, we're confident we'll hold our own.

But that isn't the way this "competition" works. When a Japanese or European steelmaker climbs into the ring, his government almost always climbs in with him. That's bending the rules of "free" trade, and we don't think it's fair.

How they fight

Most foreign steelmakers are either owned, subsidized, financed, aided and/or protected in one way or another by their governments. They don't have the same pressure we do to operate profitably or generate capital.

We believe that much of the steel imported into the U.S. is being "dumped"—that is, sold at prices lower than those charged in the producer's own country, and usually below that foreign steelmaker's full costs of production. Dumping is illegal, but it has been hard to prove.

Why they do it

During periods of slack demand at home, foreign steelmakers push to maintain high production rates and high employment. Result: a worldwide glut of

steel...14.3 million tons of steel exported to America in 1976, priced to sell...thousands of American steelworkers laid off or working short hours.

Free trade, yes. But fair!

We're looking for a fight, yes. But a *fair* fight, where all opponents in the international arena are bound by the same rules. Bethlehem Steel and the American steel industry are not "protectionist!" We are not looking for permanent trade barriers against foreign steel coming into our home markets. All we're asking is a chance to compete on fair and equal terms here in our own country.

Washington must help

We urge the U.S. Government to insist on fair trading practices in steel, especially that steel imports be priced to at least cover their full costs of production and sale...to arrange for prompt temporary relief from the current excessive flow of steel imports... and to press for international governmental negotiations leading to an effective international agreement on steel trade.

If you agree with us about the seriousness of this problem, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

A free folder... "Foreign Steel: Unfair Competition?"... explains our answer to that question. Write: Public Affairs Dept., Rm. 476 MT, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem





We grew up in America's home towns...and we haven't forgotten them.



We were born out of need. Someone had to pick up the mail from the home towns in the rugged hill country of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Pleasant towns. Houses with front porches and back yards. And people who smiled easily and meant it when they said "Pleased to meet you." People who were delighted to have the service of an airline.

As we were growing up, we extended our wings into the Mid Atlantic States and north to New England. We served the green and golden grass-roots cities of America, the warm-hearted, hard-working people whose needs took them frequently to the big cities.



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A unique character. And among airlines, we carved a unique character for accommodating people who live in cities where good air service would not otherwise be available. We recognize their need for air service and we continue to serve many of them in a variety of ways. With frequent service. And with innovation. We've innovated with promotional fares which make air travel more feasible for people in cities of all sizes. We've innovated with a system of commuter lines which link smaller cities with larger cities.

The hometown touch. Now, we fly 11 million people a year to eighty cities (and if you add our commuter lines the totals would be even higher). We fly as far west as Minneapolis and St. Louis. As far south as Memphis.

Yet even as we grow, we never forget where our roots are. Among the hometown people—whether their hometown is Evansville or New York City. We never overlook the little touches that make the most sophisticated travelers as well as the first time flier feel at home in the sky.

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Experience the hometown touch for yourself. See your travel agent or call Allegheny today.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



SAGE AND CURRY, THE KIRKPATRICK KIDS

In his indefatigable, and thus far remarkably successful, effort to remain 12 years old, Senior Writer Curry Kirkpatrick ran away with the circus this summer, ostensibly to observe the daily life of animal trainer Gunther Gebel-Williams (page 82).

Kirkpatrick, who is really 34, was well prepared for the animals, being the nephew of television's Marlin Perkins, as well as the owner of the late and great Sonny Williams, a dog named after a character in the movie *Purely Swope*. "When I was young, Uncle Marlin used to take me to the St. Louis zoo and drape snakes on me," Kirkpatrick recalls. There is no record of how the snakes felt, but Curry says, "I loved it." Chimps and elephants are now his favorite animals, he says, adding, "It is a well-known fact that an elephant is more intelligent than the average magazine editor." His one bad childhood memory of the circus is that his parents forbade him to eat cotton candy, but he and his 7-year-old daughter, Sage, finally had some recently. "I hated it and so did she," Kirkpatrick says. "Maybe when we grow up..."

The week-long stint with the circus was spent at the Los Angeles Forum,

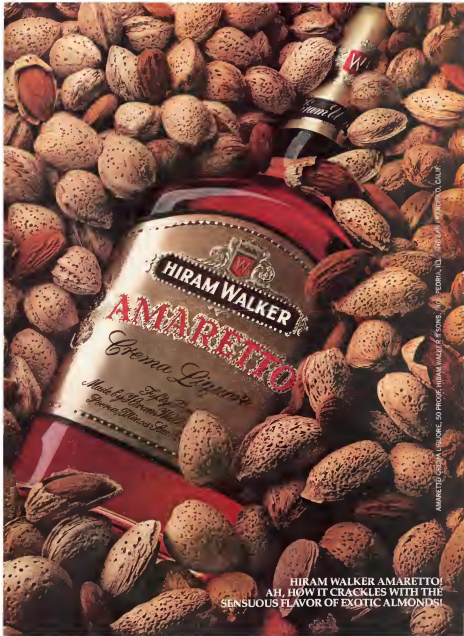
which is also one of Kirkpatrick's haunts on the pro-basketball beat. "I never thought of it as *The Forum*," he says. "I felt I had run away with the circus, and was living out a fantasy. The circus is one of the few things in life that does not disappoint me. I had expected the illusion to end when I went backstage, but it didn't."

The last time Kirkpatrick had been in *The Forum* was a few months earlier, to cover a matchup of Centers Bill Walton and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar in which the eventual NBA champion, Portland, eliminated the Lakers from the playoffs. That confrontation was no more dramatic, he found, than any performance of the two, sometimes three, daily circus shows. "Before every one there is a feeling of anticipation that transcends anything I have experienced at an athletic event," Kirkpatrick says. "And I am talking about circus shows performed before even a half-full house. It is the continuous excitement of being on stage."

Kirkpatrick's fantasizing did not include excitement of another order. Although he has seen *El Nostre* and Jimmy Connors snarl at the press, Kirkpatrick was not prepared for the tiger whose swipe at Gebel-Williams' shoulder and arm resulted in a wound that required 40 stitches to close. "That happened during a morning show, but after a trip to the hospital Gunther did both the afternoon and evening performances," he says. "So did the tiger."

Kirkpatrick feels that circus people are the best athletes he has ever seen. "They do impossible stunts two and three times daily," he says, "and are, by current salary standards for athletes, grossly underpaid. As Los Angeles King Goulie Rogie Vachon says, for what Gebel-Williams does, 'He makes peanuts.' And the circus people are far more interesting."

Sack me up



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Red Sox Pitcher Bill Lee, World Series, October 1975, from *Five Seasons* by Roger Angell.



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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

THE BEST AND WORST OF BASEBALL, BY A SPORTSWRITER WHO HAS SEEN IT ALL

The first thing to be said about Fred Lieb is that—to borrow from the *argot* of the game he has covered for nearly seven decades—he is a phantom. He is 89 years old, and still writing about baseball with as much vigor and enthusiasm as when he joined the New York Press in 1911. At his ripe old age he is something of a national resource: a man who was witness to the sunny days of baseball's youth, who remembers them with stunning clarity, and who writes about them with humor, insight and affection.

Which is exactly what he does in *Baseball As I Have Known It* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$9.95), a memoir that quite literally spans the history of baseball in the 20th century. Like most old-time sportswriters Lieb is no great shakes as a prose stylist, but since he has no pretensions in that direction there's no real reason to criticize him for this shortcoming. What matters is that his memoir is thoroughly delightful, entertaining and, for the fan, informative. It is loaded with anecdotes, many of them published for the first time, and it contains some fascinating, occasionally surprising, observations about several great and not-so-great figures in baseball history.

Lieb is, by his own account, one of those rare people who has gotten almost exactly what he wanted out of life. He might have preferred to be a famous player rather than an outstanding journalist, but he has no regrets. "... bad moments and small triumphs on the diamond are part of the memories of millions of American boys and men. I was glad I played some baseball and just a bit sorry I wasn't better at it. But to watch it as paid work and to write about it, as I have done for sixty-seven years, has more than made up for any unrealized fantasies I may once have had."

Indeed, Lieb's career itself seems, from the vantage point of 1977, a fully realized fantasy. He has been a friend, or in some cases a friendly acquaintance, of men whose names live in American legend: Honus Wagner, Ty Cobb, Lou Gehrig, Babe Ruth. He was there when the Black Sox threw a World Series, when Ruth "called his shot," when Gehrig said his emotional farewell. Fred Lieb was witness to them all—and more—and has he ever got stories to tell.

Here, for example, is one about Eddie Collins, the great second baseman who starred for Connie Mack on the A's and then played for the White Sox. Collins was the first real,

live, big-league ballplayer Lieb interviewed, and what did Collins have on his mind? Not base hits but razor blades. He had been given a new safety razor just on the market, and when young Lieb confessed that he still used a straight razor the future Hall of Famer weighed in with this solemn advice: "Take it from me, get rid of it and buy one of the new safety razors. You'll never regret it. You never have to be afraid you'll cut yourself, it really makes shaving fun."

And then there's this one about Babe Ruth. In 1920 Ty Cobb came out for James M. Cox, the Democratic presidential candidate. That sent the GOP into a tizzy, and Lieb was called in for emergency relief.

"Warren Harding was waging a front-porch campaign from his Warren, Ohio, residence, so I was asked to bring Babe there for an appearance. If I could bring it off, there was \$4,000 in it for Babe and \$1,000 for me. It didn't mean much whether Babe was a Democrat or Republican so long as he would have lunch and sit on the front porch with the candidate. At the time Babe had no agent. The offer was the equivalent today of \$16,000 and \$4,000, respectively—almost totally tax-free. So I broached the matter to Babe, who replied, 'I'm a Democrat, but I'll go to Warren for the money.'"

And then there's the one about... well, there are lots of other ones about lots of other people. There's a Cobb-Ruth anecdote that recalls Cobb's virulent racism. There's an inside account of how Judge Landis investigated reports that Carl Mays, the Yankee pitcher, had thrown a game in the 1921 World Series. There's a rueful recollection of the career of Hal Chase, the brilliant first baseman whose mind was twisted by aversion. And there are tales about the three other young journalists who, along with Lieb, were New York press-box rookies in 1911, Damon Runyon, Grantland Rice and Heywood Brown.

It would be unfair to spill the beans and reveal what was Lieb's "greatest thrill" in all these years, suffice it to say that the choice is a surprise, and a pleasant one. But it discloses no state secrets to note that the player Lieb remembers with the most affection is Honus Wagner, the immortal Flying Dutchman, and that the book closes on a wistful note: "Before I lay down my scorecards, I would like to see another major shortstop who is the equal of Honus Wagner for all-around play, hitting, fielding and base running. ... Grand and marvelous will be the day when his equal arrives."

Unfortunately, that's a wish not likely to be granted. But Lieb has his memory to console him, a memory that embraces Wagner and Chance and three-quarters of a century of baseball summers. The rest of us must make do with his book, and it's a fine substitute.

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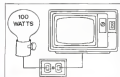
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

SAD NEWS EAGLES

The high school football team at Mayflower, which is a bit north of Little Rock, Ark., near the old Toad Suck Ferry, recently beat Cotton Plant, which is near Dixie and Little Dixie, 18-0. And so think that Gene King, the coach of the Mayflower Eagles, almost called Cotton Plant to forfeit because of a player shortage. "We added two players Friday, and we went on the field with 12," King says. "We had 11 men and one lady." The Mayflower lady, Anita Terrell, who weighs only 118 pounds, hadn't practiced much, but, says King, "When one of the boys got hurt she went in and played. She'll hit you. We had a girl before, but when she hit you it didn't hurt. This girl will hurt you."

TOO GOOD FOR HIS OWN GOOD

John Naber, the world-record backstroker, was in Grand Bahama for TV's *Superstars*, and he and four friends, three of them female, went for a boatride. A mile at sea, the battery went dead. Naber swam to a nearby craft for help, but its engine was blown. So he swam to shore, presumably not on his back. Said Naber, "I wish the other guy was the good swimmer so I could have stayed with the girls."

REVELATIONS

In England, the name of Don Revie has been one to revere. He is the Casey Stengel or Vince Lombardi of soccer, and perhaps you could place him even higher. Until 1974, when Revie became manager of England's national soccer team, he managed prestigious Leeds United, the dominant English team.

Suddenly, in July, Revie pulled a switch. Without notice, he threw in his England job and announced that henceforth, for a consideration of around \$600,000, he would coach soccer in Dubai in the United Arab Emirates.

Well now, certainly England has not been faring well in the World Cup preliminaries, and Revie has been heavily

criticized for this. And while \$600,000 can buy a lot of air-conditioning to cope with Dubai's summer temperature of 120°, still his departure did appear somewhat abrupt.

Until early this month, that is, when the London *Daily Mirror* announced that for four months it had been investigating what it called "a series of astonishing revelations." In short, the *Mirror* claimed Revie had tried to fix games while he was manager of Leeds.

The main allegation dates back five years, to an end-of-season game that Leeds had merely to tie to win the rarely achieved double of English soccer—the Knock-out Cup competition and the league title. That night, Leeds' opponent was the Wolverhampton Wanderers (the Wolves) and the *Mirror* alleges that the middleman in the attempted fix was a Mike O'Grady who had played on both teams in the past. As Revie's agent, O'Grady approached in particular a young Wolves defender with the resounding name of Bernard Shaw.

It was a bad choice. "They picked the wrong man," Shaw told the *Mirror*. "They forgot that I was brought up in Sheffield around the corner from Tony Kay." (Kay was a player who went to jail in a soccer bribery case in 1964. His father committed suicide.) Like other members of the Wolves who had been sounded out, Shaw played the game of his life. His team won 2-1 and Leeds lost the double.

Day by day the *Mirror* has been adding similar cases to its Revie dossier. What they seem to have in common is the lack of success of the bribery attempts. The affidavits the paper has accumulated have, naturally enough, all come from players who righteously resisted temptation.

Challenged with all this, Revie broke silence last week to announce he was suing the *Mirror* for libel. The Football Association, the ruling body of soccer in England, has appointed a committee of inquiry

LITER BOWL

The first metric college football game, suggested in this space last November by Dr. Andrew Hulsebosch of the Eastern Analysis Institute, took place in Northfield, Minn. last Saturday on a field 100 meters long and 50 meters wide. With Tom Fiebigler, an 86-kilogram running back leading the attack, St. Olaf walloped hometown rival Carleton College 43-0. The extra-wide field, said Carleton Coach Dale Quist, "overemphasized St. Olaf's outside running ability. At the end, every meter seemed like a mile to us."

All was not lost for Carleton fans. The first Liter Bowl gave students the chance to sport T-shirts saying **CHEER-LITER AND DROP BACK 10 METERS AND PUNT**. And at halftime Carleton hom-



ored General Ulysses S. Grant, skier Jean-Claude Kilo and baseball's Harmon Killebrew, all figures to reckon with by any standard of measurement.

HISTORY LESSON

When Manager Earl Weaver of the Orioles forfeited a game to Toronto last week, a question must have flashed through the minds of some fans: has a pennant ever been lost because of a forfeit? The answer is yes, and it happened in 1889 to the St. Louis Browns who, coincidentally, became the Orioles in 1954.

In 1889, St. Louis was battling the Brooklyn Bridegrooms for the championship of the American Association, a major league at the time. On Sept. 7, the Browns played in Brooklyn and led 4-2 as the Bridegrooms came to bat in the

continued

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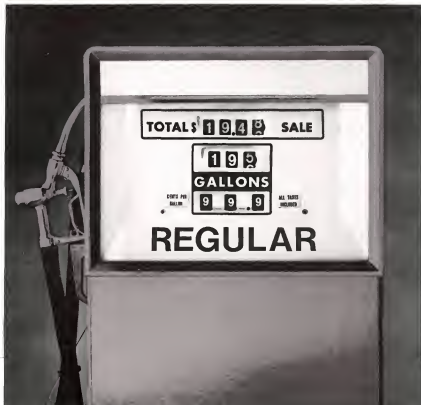
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eighth inning. The skies grew dark, and Captain Charles Coniskey of the Browns asked the umpire, whose name was Goldsmith, to call the game. Goldsmith refused, and in protest Chris Von der Ahe, the owner of the Browns, lit candles in front of his team's bench. An argument followed, and the Browns left the field. When they did not return in five minutes, Goldsmith declared Brooklyn the winner by the forfeit score of 9-0. Happy Brooklyn fans celebrated by smashing the windows in the Browns' clubhouse.

The next day, the angry Von der Ahe refused to play Brooklyn again, claiming that the police protection was inadequate. Umpire Goldsmith then awarded Brooklyn a second forfeit victory. Brooklyn went on to win the pennant with a 93-44 record, while the Browns finished second with 90-45. Had the Browns won the two forfeit games, they would have taken the championship.

ILLEGAL ALIEN

The Seattle Slew of Mexico is said to be a sham. The Jockey Club of Mexico voted last week to expel José and Antonio Miguel Nader, charging that the brothers falsified information about Nacer's Fast, winner of the 1977 Mexican triple crown. The Mexican authorities say they have evidence that the horse was born in Kentucky and thus ineligible to run in one of the races, the Gran Premio Nacional, which is open only to Mexican-bred horses.

The brothers, who have obtained an injunction, claim that the horse was born on their ranch and is of Mexican parentage. The Jockey Club maintains the horse was bred by Robert M. Clinkinbeard in Lexington, Ky., and Clinkinbeard agrees. He says the colt, a chestnut with a blaze and three white stockings, was sired by Twist the Axe out of Sun Elect. Clinkinbeard sold the horse as a weanling to Luis Montañó of Mexico, and several months ago, when Clinkinbeard had a yearling half brother to sell, he asked Montañó how the first horse had fared. Montañó said he had sold it to Antonio Miguel Nader and that it had won five races. Later, in a casual conversation with another Mexican, Clinkinbeard was told that no colt by Twist the Axe was racing in Mexico. Upon further inquiry, it became evident that the Twist the Axe colt was racing but that it had been given falsified Mex-

ican papers and was none other than Nacer's Fast. The Jockey Club began its investigation. A blood test showed that Twist the Axe and Sun Elect qualified as the sire and dam of Nacer's Fast, and the horse's markings matched those on Clinkinbeard's U.S. registration papers.

For all the success of Nacer's Fast, it did not increase the value of his yearling half brother auctioned at Keeneland. As Clinkinbeard says, "There weren't any Mexicans up here to buy the horse."

GOLD FACTS

Too early to tell about snowfall yet, but here is one prediction for this winter you can hang your ski cap on. Reports of snow conditions by resorts across the country will be more reliable than ever. Sadly, this outburst of honesty will not stem from a sudden reformation among those eager area operators who for years have referred to solid-ice slopes as "well packed," or whose report of "fair" skiing actually meant rocks, stumps and bear pits. Rather, the new candor is a reaction to a recent \$1.5 million liability judgment in a personal injury case in Vermont. Ski resorts were justifiably alarmed by the decision and, although snow condition reports were not an issue in the trial, one that was was the manner in which ski areas advertise their snow-grooming capability.

The result, according to the trade paper *Ski Business*, will be more warily accurate reports. Dick Williams, one of the insurance brokers for the National Ski Areas Association, told the paper, "I know of one Midwestern area that will go right out and tell the public that skiing is dangerous."

And there will be another side effect. The term "safety binding" will vanish, manufacturers fear it carries an implied warranty that no injuries will occur while using the product. From now on, they'll be just plain ski bindings. Next thing we know, ski areas will be adding a new member to their ski patrols. This one will be wearing a parka like all the rest—but stamped across the back will be the word "Attorney."

DAD'S DAY

Henry George Miller celebrated his 100th birthday this month. Unusual enough, but Miller, better known as Dad, is unique: he is the only golfer his age in the country who has broken his age. He shot a 99 recently on the 5,734-yard An-

heim, Calif. municipal course that is named after him. When he was 95, he came in with an 82. When 93, he used a six-iron to score a hole in one on the 116-yard 11th hole at Anaheim, which got him into the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

Miller, who is 5' 6" and weighs 100 pounds, did not play golf seriously until he was 67 and retired from his job as an inspector with Pacific Gas & Electric. He recently became a celebrity in the Los Angeles area when he started appearing in a savings bank commercial with TV host Ralph Storey. As Storey talks about Miller's achievements on the course, Dad bends over, sticks a tee in the ground, tees up the ball and slams it down the fairway. The commercial cuts to a sand trap showing Dad blasting out. "This is the hole where I shot a hole in one at 93," he tells Storey. Dad holes out, gets back into his cart, drives to the next tee and hits another drive with his faultless swing. As Dad says in the commercial, "You never grow old playing golf. You grow old when you stop, and I don't intend to stop."

BREAKY FAST

It will never run Indy out of business, but a combination road race and rally came off in grand, if somewhat sneaky, style in California last weekend. Thirty-eight drivers competed in the 118-mile dash from Santa Monica to Balboa, which included a tortuous leg through the Hollywood Hills. There were an estimated 50 police speed traps en route, and, according to the rules, anyone who got a speeding ticket was out.

The rally winner was Bob Estes, 70, a sponsor of off-road racing vehicles, who made all six checkpoints and clocked 3:27.42 in his Porsche Turbo-Carrera. Curt Lohmeyer (Carrera) and Matt Estinger (Chevy pickup) were co-winners of the race, both finishing in 2:18.20. Not one entrant got a ticket, but then, the event was sponsored by a manufacturer of a radar-detection device who thoughtfully equipped all cars.

THEY SAID IT

• Tommy Bell, attorney and NFL referee: "During the week I practice law. On Sunday I am the law."

• Jack Martin, 90-year-old ex-Yankee shortstop, greeting Mike Gazella, 80-year-old ex-Yankee third baseman, at an old-timers' game: "Hello, kid." **END**

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ROGER, OVER AND IN

After Dallas and Minnesota fumbled and bumbled for 60 minutes in the NFL's first big game, Roger Staubach took charge in overtime, leading the Cowboys to a 16-10 victory

by **DAN JENKINS**

Keeping the ball on an option play, Staubach scores the winning touchdown from the four-yard line by rolling left and diving over Jeff Slemmon





It was an unusually warm and muggy day for football last Sunday in Bloomington, Minn., and that could have had something to do with the fact that it took almost three hours for the Dallas Cowboys and the Vikings to generate any excitement in what was expected to be the most thrilling of the NFL's opening games. Oh, now and then there were those familiar footraces between Quarterbacks Roger Staubach or Fran Tarkenton and the defensive behemoths who like to chase them, trying to force them to throw the ball to an usher or a saxophone player.

Most of the time, though, it was hard to believe that it was football season in Metropolitan Stadium. Bud Grant wasn't wearing his parka, Drew Pearson wasn't using hand warmers, Chuck Foreman didn't need his ice skates and there were no toboggan races at halftime.

As the sun set, the contest finally ended in what can legitimately be described as a "thrilling overtime victory" for the Cowboys by the score of 16-10, but it is just possible that the biggest victory any Cowboy player scored was Preston Pearson's unanimous decision over Tony Dorsett in their battle for a starting halfback job.

Pearson, the 11-year veteran whom the Pittsburgh Steelers discarded as washed up two years ago, carried 15 times for a team-high 63 yards and caught five passes, including a spectacular grab of a Staubach pass for a touchdown, for 53 more, giving him a total of 116 yards. Dorsett, the millionaire rookie with the Heisman Trophy, was used for only a handful of plays by Coach Tom Landry; he carried just four times, gained 11 yards, and his fumble aborted a Dallas drive at the Minnesota 15-yard line.

The real difference in the ball game after it went into sudden death was, of all things, a shanked punt. By that time, the younger defense of the Cowboys was

continued



Preston Pearson deserved four stars for this catch of a Staubach pass that put Dallas ahead 10-7.

COWBOYS continued

obviously stronger than that of the Vikings, particularly Minnesota's front four, which is beginning to rival the Supreme Court in age.

The score was 10-10 at the end of regulation play, after which the Vikings won the coin flip and Cleo Miller returned the kickoff to the Minnesota 30. Foreman and Sammy Johnson advanced the ball to the 45, but then the Cowboys harassed Tarkenton with a couple of their most furious pass rushes. On the first, Tarkenton needed all the dozen eyes in his helmet to locate all the Harvey Martins bearing down on him, and for the second time during the afternoon he dumped the ball off to a patch of grass just outside the infield. Fifteen yards for intentional grounding. Next, Tarkenton got buried by an assault led by Larry Cole, and he lost nine more yards back to his own 21. Total loss for the two plays: 24 yards.

All of this set up the shanked punt of 26 yards by Neil Clabo, which gave Dallas the ball at Minnesota's 47. For much of the day the Cowboys had enjoyed better field position than the Vikings, but they had managed to do very little with it. Their offensive line, operating without Tackle Rayfield Wright and Guard Blaine Nye for the first time since Preston Pearson was a basketball player, or so it seemed, rarely moved Minnesota more than one or two inches at a time. Even on those few occasions when Dorsett had come onto the field, nothing happened. But now it was getting late, and Staubach decided to win it in one of the old reliable Dallas ways.

This was Minnesota, wasn't it? Where was Drew Pearson? Oh, there he was, not making one of those miracle grabs as he had done against the Vikings in the playoff game two years ago, just pulling in a 17-yard beauty over the middle while a couple of purple-shirted Vikings were making a sandwich out of him. And there he was again, taking another pass

at the right sideline for four more yards. Roger then hit Golden Richards with a screen pass that gained 11 yards. Robert Newhouse ran for six and Dallas suddenly was at the Minnesota nine, close enough for Efren Herrera to kick a field goal and redeem himself for the one he had missed from 27 yards out with six seconds to play in regulation—the first time in his three years with Dallas that Herrera had ever blown a three-pointer inside the 30. Ever.

"I thought the Vikings seemed worn down," Staubach said later. "We had the momentum. We called time out to discuss kicking a field goal right then, but we decided to run it at 'em a couple more times."

Preston Pearson did that, gaining five yards, and now the Cowboys had a first down at the four. Considering that Dallas, in keeping with its spotty performance throughout the game, certainly seemed capable of fumbling or incurring a penalty, it is a wonder that Herrera was not immediately dispatched to boot it over from there. But the Cowboys' brain trust decided to risk at least one more play—a run-pass option. Staubach rolled out to the left and there was enough room there to sail a destroyer through, so he took it in for the winning touchdown.

Minnesota had struck first, moving 81 yards the first time it had the football and scoring on an 18-yard pass play from Tarkenton to Foreman. The Viking drive was more or less spotlighted by Dallas defensive mistakes because the Cowboys had a brand-new look at several positions. Randy White, the Cowboys' No. 1 draft pick in 1975 who had flunked two years of trials at various linebacker positions, now was among the front four, quick, huge and talented but ready to be trapped by a crafty veteran—someone like Ron Yary, for instance. Bob Breunig was at middle linebacker for the retired Lee Roy Jordan, and Thomas Hen-



Tony Dorsett's fumble ruined one Dallas drive.

derson was now a regular at one of the outside linebacker spots, and they had to worry about all those things Landry gives them to think about. Limbo. Sarah. Skeeze and that sort of stuff. The same went for Aaron Kyle, who is phasing out Mel Renfro at cornerback.

Before the game, Dallas Safety Cliff Harris said of his young teammates, "They're all great football players if you tell 'em. 'Go hit that guy.' But learning to 'think' for Landry is the hardest part of our defense. We don't know what to expect from them."

Tarkenton knew. When he capped the opening drive by dumping the ball off to Foreman for the touchdown, Foreman was so open he could have gone out to Hazeltine and played 18 holes before Breunig or Henderson or Kyle found him. Slowly, the Cowboy defense adjusted, however, the rush grew more fierce and Tarkenton never really mounted another menacing drive. He was hardly helped in this regard by the five fumbles made by the Vikings.

Not that Dallas was any ball of fire. The Cowboys fumbled three times themselves, and it was not until the fourth quarter, when they were trailing 7-3—Herrera having kicked a 40-yard field goal in the second quarter—that the Cowboys looked as if they had even brought an offense to Minnesota. And that was when Preston Pearson made it

clear that Dorsett is not going to put him on the unemployment line. On a third and six at the Minnesota 29, Pearson made a fine catch of a 14-yard sideline pass from Staubach to keep the drive going. And then Pearson made his biggest play of the day. On third down at the Vikings' seven, he dashed across the middle, made a racing dive, ignored Linebacker Jeff Siemon who was hanging onto his legs, stretched out his hands and caught a Staubach bullet in the end zone for the touchdown.

Could Dorsett have made such a catch?

"He's got a lot of pressure on him," Pearson said. "When he settles down and stops trying to make 10 yards every carry he's going to be a super back."

Actually, it would have been impossible for Dorsett, Pearson or anyone else to have gained a bundle of yardage behind the offensive line that Dallas used at Minnesota. The ever-optimistic Lan-

dry says it will improve, that Pat Donovan, for example, has the tools to keep anyone from weeping very long over Rayfield Wright's knee surgery that will sideline him for the next several weeks. Nye retired to his doctoral studies at Stanford because Dallas wouldn't renegotiate his contract, and as the offense sputtered Sunday there were more than a few remarks in the press box that what the Cowboys need most is to take someone who has the ability to whimper and write a blank check, and put him on a plane to Nye's hometown.

By all that was right and proper, Dallas should have won the game without an overtime. But one of those indescribable scrambles by Tarkenton, culminating in a desperate pass completion, enabled Minnesota to get close enough for Fred Cox to kick the 35-yard field goal that tied it 10-10 with 1:35 to play. Even so, Dallas came back and did everything but put it away.

After Butch Johnson's 48-yard kickoff return, Staubach completed three passes, one of them to Preston Pearson, naturally, and wheeled the Cowboys down to the Minnesota 15. Pearson struck for five more yards, and with just six seconds on the clock Herrera set up for a dinky field goal that looked so automatic that Viking fans were beginning to move toward the tunnels. But Herrera missed wide to the left—a high hook, as it were—forcing the overtime.

All in all, Minnesota clearly looked weary in the fourth quarter, and the Cowboys looked explosively erratic. And in the end that may well characterize both teams this season.

And if it is possible for Dallas to be the kind of team it is supposed to be—even with Tony Dorsett carrying just four times a game for only 11 yards—this might be a wilder year than anyone ever suspected. Especially for Tony Dorsett and Preston Pearson.

END

FIRST AND FOREMOST FOR NOW

by JOE MARSHALL

The program sold at the Dallas-Minnesota game had a picture of a rookie on the cover. No, it was not Tony Dorsett. The cover boy was Tampa Bay Tailback Ricky Bell. After all, it was Bell, not the much-ballyhooed Dorsett, who was the first player selected in the 1977 NFL draft, and it was Bell, not Dorsett, who became the first rookie in NFL history to sign a million-dollar contract.

Bell was in Philadelphia on Sunday and, like W. C. Fields, he found it closed. The aroused Eagles rarely gave Bell any running room and in 15 carries he gained just 53 yards—17 of them on one play in which he broke two tackles. Still, he was more than half of the Tampa Bay rushing offense, the Bucs accumulated just 92 yards on the ground while losing to the Eagles 13-3. "Our offensive line refused to block," said Coach John McKay. Maybe so, but Bell himself ended Tampa Bay's deepest penetration of the first half when he fumbled at the Eagle 10 after gaining six yards and a first down. At that, Bell outgained Dorsett 53 yards to 11.

Although Bell was McKay's announced No. 1 draft choice long before last year's 0-14 season had mercifully concluded, he was not the first choice of Bucs supporters. In a newspaper poll, local fans voted 3 to 1 in favor of selecting Dorsett. But McKay never wavered. "Don't get me wrong," he says. "I think Dorsett is a super back. But if Dorsett and Bell

had a footrace, it would be close, and Ricky is 6'2" tall and weighs 218 pounds. I liken Ricky to Franco Harris. He's not very flashy but, my God, he's efficient."

For now, McKay cannot use Bell exactly as he did when they were at USC, where Bell sometimes carried more than 35 times a game. The reason is that McKay has not found two guards fast enough to get outside and clear the way. So Bell will run less, although more than the other Bucs backs, block more and certainly catch more passes. He caught 16 during the exhibition season, twice as many as any teammate—and only two fewer than he caught in his entire USC career.

Bell's arrival in Tampa has hardly created a media carnival on the order of the Dorsett show in Dallas, but Bell seems to have gained the respect of his teammates. Knowing that the heat in Tampa would make it difficult for him to carry a lot of bulk, he reported to training camp at a trim 210 pounds, 10 under his normal playing weight, and only now has he built himself up to 218.

And unlike Dorsett, who has been pushed into the background by the established Cowboy stars, Bell has become a leader in Tampa. "There are a lot of young guys here [the team's average age is just 24.2], and being the No. 1 pick, people expect things from me," he says.

Bell topped all Tampa Bay runners in the exhibition season with 217 yards. In the Bucs'



No. 1 rookie Bell had the edge on No. 2 Dorsett

inevitable 14-0 preseason shutout of Baltimore, Bell scored both touchdowns on plays on which he got negligible blocking. "I don't think in either case we'd have scored last year," says McKay. "On those two runs you could see what I was talking about in this youngster. Even if Dorsett makes twice as much yardage this year, and he might because he has a better supporting cast, I'll be convinced that we made the right choice in drafting Ricky Bell No. 1."

MARCH OF THE HIT PARADERS

Seven champions kept their crowns in a bang-up week, proving only that boxing's biggest problem may be a short supply of worthy contenders

by PAT PUTNAM

In Los Angeles they called it The Night of the Champions, the show featuring, as it did, WBC featherweight titleholder Danny (Little Red) Lopez and WBC welterweight champ Carlos Palomino, backed by three Olympic medalists. The promoters were slightly less pretentious in Las Vegas, settling for A Night with the Heavyweights. Indeed, they served up 2,193 pounds worth, making up in quantity what was lacking in quality, for the card was essentially an opportunity for Kenny Norton and Jimmy Young to break a sweat against less than celebrated opponents.

At the other five stopovers in a whirlwind, eight-day dervish of mostly-TV network boxing, the main events were more simply billed as world championship fights. There was angry Roberto Duran in Philadelphia; hulking Victor Galindez in Rome; slow and clumsy Eddie Gazo in Tokyo; crafty Alfredo Escalera in San Juan; and little Miguel Canto, the mas-

ter of defense, in Mérida, Mexico—all champions when they entered the ring, ditto when they left.

The fistful orgy began on Sept. 10 in San Juan, Puerto Rico, where Escalera, the WBC junior lightweight champion, won a dull bout from Sigfredo Rodriguez, a pacifist who saved most of his roadwork for the fight. And the week was climaxed last Saturday in Philadelphia and Rome with a pair of title bouts. In the Spectrum, Duran, the ever-angry slugger, protected his lightweight title in a points victory over boxer Edwin Viruet, in the Sports Palace, Galindez, also a wicked banger, retained his light-heavyweight title in a close and unpopular decision over Alvaro Lopez, a rangy boxer from Stockton, Calif. with a popping jab, a hard chin and a lot of cutes. In all three fights, brute strength won over the manly art.

In too many cases the bouts were a study in tedium, and mostly you can blame the, ah, opponents. As Gil Clancy,



"Duran doesn't scare me," said Viruet (left), but he didn't throw enough hard left hands like this. If unspooked, he also was unsuccessful

the fight manager who also makes the matches for CBS, said, "There is a terrible shortage of boxing talent in the world, and the way TV is chewing that up, there won't be very many good matches left." Maybe so. One still unchewed-up youngster is Howard Davis. As a participant in *The Night of the Champions*, Davis destroyed tough Tury Pineda in four rounds. Two other ex-Olympians also streaked on unbeaten, Michael Spinks with a one-round knockout of Ray Elson, big John Tate with a split decision over Eddie (the Animal) Lopez.

Next night in Las Vegas, Norzon demolished Lorenzo Zanon and Young beat Jody Ballard by way of tuning up to fight each other Nov. 5. Beyond these work-outs, the best that can be said of the Nevada fights is that it was a payday. Undeclared Larry Holmes stopped Fred (Young Sanford) Houpe in seven, and Ron Lyle took a split decision from Stan Ward.

continued



Featherweight champ Danny Lopez (left) was knocked down in the second, but unleashed his guns to knock out Jose Torres in the seventh



Puzzled by Everardo Alvarez's hot-and-run tactics, welterweight champ Carlos Pelumino came on at the end to win a close decision



Undefeated Larry Holmes had it easy with Fred Houpe. When weary of punching, he petted and pushed

Ron Lyle's scowl didn't psych out Stan Ward, who has a degree in psychology. Still the old pro won the decision

HIT PARADE *continued*

Fighting in non-TV obscurity—only two of the seven title bouts were not televised—WBA Junior Middleweight Champ Gazo plodded to a decision over Kenji Shibata, and Canto retained his WBC flyweight crown with a decision over Martin Vargas of Chile.

A few rounds after Gálíndez started bludgeoning Lopez, Duran and Viruet began their rematch, and while Duran was the victor, Viruet at least exacted a measure of revenge for his mother.

"After the last one," Viruet said, "he called my mother dirty names. I told him I'd make him pay."

In the 12th round Viruet opened a small cut over Duran's left eye. Then he stepped back, waved a glove at the gash and said, "That is for my mother."

Two rounds later Viruet was penalized a point for trying to lace the cut. No matter. Duran didn't need any help. The Panamanian won and then said, "I'm not embarrassed at not knocking him out. I just wanted to keep my title."

By week's end, that was about all the champs had done.

END





Heavyweight contender Jimmy Young stepped on the gas after a slow start to outthok and outpunch Jody Bellard

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE



When Ken Norton finally got it together, he dropped Lorenzo Zanone twice. It was an effort that gave him a lift



A CUP OF TEA FOR COURAGEOUS

When Ted Turner took his swift 12-meter to sea to defend the Mug, the world's oldest sporting trophy, he found beating the Aussies was a piece of cake

by COLES PHINIZY

Although it started in earnest more than a year ago, it seems just yesterday that the 23rd challenge for the America's Cup began. By last November at Kullavik on the edge of the Kattegat, while young swans still wearing the gray-brown mantle of immaturity winged south, the small, brittle Swedish boat *Sverige* was in full flight. In the same month, in Marblehead, Mass., on the leading edge of one of the coldest North American winters of this century, crewmen were picking ice off the rigging of the old American hull *Courageous* and the new *Independence*. Before the winter was done, off San Diego, *Enterprise*, another new American boat, and her stablemate *Intrepid* were loping over easy Pacific swells, in weather often too balmy and easy for their liking. Meanwhile, half a world away, the crew of the new 12-meter *Australia* was getting up at godforsaken hours, hoping for a touch of light wind before the hot desert interior of Western Australia began sucking in the cool air off the Indian Ocean at a rate of 20 knots or more.

In the 19 years since the America's Cup was first contested in the class, 24 12-meter hulls have been built for the purpose of challenging for it or defending it. In this, the seventh challenge of the 12-meter era, 13 of those hulls still played a part, as prospective challenger or defender, as stablemate or as inept donkey of explicit purpose. Count them: *Gretel II*, *Southern Cross*, *Australia*, *Sverige*, *Columbia*, *Constellation*, *France*, *France II*, *Independence*, *Courageous*, *Mariner*, *Enterprise* and *Intrepid*.



The draw of manpower for this challenge was comparable. In a tabletop at Seaview Terrace, the Newport mansion that housed the *Enterprise* syndicate, there are impressions of miniature 12-meter hulls in various situations. Halsey Herreshoff, summoned at the last minute to help *Enterprise's* sagging chances, bore down too hard with his pencil while diagramming tactics with Bill Cox, who skippered the unsuccessful U.S. boat *American Eagle* in 1964. To help sharpen their starting tactics, *Enterprise* had also called in Tony Parker, runner-up three straight years in the Congressional Cup, the world's foremost match-racing event. To abet her campaign, Sverige's connections early on asked John Albrechtson, Olympic champion in the Tempest class, to take the helm of their trial horse, the

continued



Turner was rightly jubilant as he led from the start mark and ran off four straight

old U.S. defender *Columbia*. (Tapping Albrechtson for such a second-string job is like asking Michelangelo to paint the ceiling of your rumpus room.)

Such fine talent, such an array of handsome boats, and suddenly, in a matter of a week in September, the contest had been distilled to its essence, a defender, *Courageous*, against a challenger, *Australia*. On the eve of the first race last week, Gary Jobson, the 27-year-old tactician of *Courageous*, threw himself down on a crewmate's bed and discussed the upcoming contest with deflating candor. "Unfortunately, the races you are going to see aren't going to be like the races you have seen all summer between *Courageous* and the other American boats," he said. "The starts are going to be boring, because both boats are going to try to be aggressive but won't get with it until less than five minutes before the gun. They will end up luffing and probably go off with one safely leeward, or on split tacks. Then in the first leg of the first race, they are just going to sit, sorting each other out."

Speaking specifically of his skipper, Ted Turner, Jobson continued, "Ted loves to be ahead and to leeward, working the boat up to windward. On the first windward leg, you'll probably see a few token tacks thrown in, and one boat will develop a 25- to 50-second lead at the mark. The reaching legs will be standard—reach-reach, and *Courageous* will gain on the reaches whether she is ahead or behind. She will make better roundings because she doesn't have a detached trim tab. If *Courageous* is ahead on windward legs, she will sit right on *Australia*'s air, and *Australia* will probably eat too much of it. If *Courageous* is behind, she will tack off immediately, and the boats will split, with *Courageous* covering a lot from behind. At the end of the leeward leg, if *Courageous* is ahead, she will be at least 20 seconds farther ahead at the finish. If *Australia* is ahead by no more than 30 seconds, *Courageous* may catch up. It's as simple as that."

The first three races of the series came to pass pretty much as Jobson had forecast: two boats behaving too cautiously before the start and too proficiently to be truly exciting. Pure excellence merits applause but in the America's Cup the spectators are held so far at bay that they could scarcely appreciate the show if it included a high-wire act by trained baboons in the upper shrouds.

In the opening race *Courageous* had a running backstay block fail. In the second race *Australia* trailed a few square yards of jib in the water for about 10 seconds, and *Courageous* had about 15 seconds of grief with a spinnaker that did not come unstopped readily. That was about the limit of the unexpected. In the first race, as Jobson suggested they might, the two boats started on split tacks with the advantage to *Australia*, but within 20 minutes, operating out of his preferred leeward position, in a boat that unquestionably can point higher, Turner inched up to windward and tacked over to starboard, forcing *Australia* to tack under him. And as forecast, *Australia* sucked too much gas before turning away.

The first race was in moderate air, never below 12 knots and pushing 16 only toward the end of the last leg. In that range it was obvious that *Australia* was the stiffer boat but, for all of it, not capable of pointing as well. On the first windward leg, *Australia* stuck with a jib that her Skipper Noel Robins in post mortem confessed was wrong. On the same leg, with the finesse she showed in the U.S. trials, *Courageous* twice changed headings in such slick style that few observers in the privileged spectator fleet a quarter mile behind were aware that she had. (In the selection trials, she once changed five times on a single leg.) Building on a fat one-minute lead at the end of the first leg, *Courageous* won by one minute, 48 seconds.

In the second race, started in light wind that soon climbed into the middle range, it looked for the first 20 minutes as if *Australia* might work out into a solid lead and make a slam-bang battle of it. Eighteen and a half minutes into the first leg, *Courageous* could not cross with starboard rights and so had to tack under her rival, safely to leeward. In another five minutes, working to windward, Turner-style, she was able to cross over *Australia*. From there until the second windward leg it looked like an easy test for *Courageous*, but *Australia* came back, wiping out a half minute of a two-minute, 38-second deficit to windward, and another minute on the leeward leg. Covering quick tacks flawlessly and long tacks both ahead and on top, *Courageous* managed to control *Australia* completely on the last leg to win by one minute, three seconds.

Because of her good performance in light air against her prospective challeng-

ers this summer—notably the very light *Sverige*—and because she weighs 1,000 pounds less than *Courageous* and has greater sail area, it was thought *Australia* would do her best in easy winds, but in the third race, held in a six-to-nine-knot range, she did her worst, losing by two minutes, 32 seconds.

On account of the necessary secrecy in a game where hull design and sail cut count for as much as helmsmanship, not much can be said with finality about a boat's potential, particularly since the nabobs in charge of her do not themselves fully understand the nature of their beast. In this regard, for his candor and earnestness in trying to say as much as possible without damaging his own cause or burdening the world with technology, Alan Bond, team captain of *Australia*, deserves some sort of reward, if not from God in heaven, at least from the journalists who constantly plague him. His many comments on the potential of *Australia* are aptly summed up by what he had to say on the eve of the first race, "In crew work and sail handling it should be a real fight. Neither boat is going to get a race as a gift. We have both done enough racing now so that the obvious mistakes have been truly and well gone over. Neither boat will be able to say she blew it because she went here when she should have gone there. The Americans may still have an advantage, but it is not the overwhelming edge it once was. It will be a much fairer test of sailing, unless one or the other has an advantage with a faster boat, and we won't know that until tomorrow. I am at least sure we have a better hull than we had in Southern Cross."

Ted Turner is equally candid, although he is sometimes east of the sun and sometimes west of the moon. If Turner ever wandered on the race course the way he often does in a discourse, he would never make it to the first mark within the 5½-hour time limit. After his first victory, he declared for the benefit of his beaten rivals, "It was a relatively close race. Three years ago when we were on *Marmar*, we usually lost by 10 minutes. The greatest thing about the U.S. trials this summer was that on every race we were always close enough to hear the finish gun, even when we lost." After leading *Australia* by a wide margin in a race that was abandoned because the time limit expired when he was little more than a quarter mile from the finish line, Turner

continued

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18
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16
MG TAR
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13
MG TAR
0.9 MG NIC.



13
MG TAR
0.8 MG NIC.



10
MG TAR
0.7 MG NIC.



9
MG TAR
0.8 MG NIC.



16
MG TAR
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10
MG TAR
0.8 MG NIC.

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King size or 100's,
Regular or Menthol.

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they're as low as you can go and still get good taste
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Of All Brands Sold Lowest tar, 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, December 1978. Kent Golden Lights 100's Regular and Menthol: 10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; Kings Menthol: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method. Kings Regular: 8 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report, April 1977.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

told the assembled newsmen, "The official Courageous statement on the abandonment is this: If you have ever heard 11 grown men cry, it was when the gun on the committee boat went off."

Two days later, after Turner had put away his third win and needed but one more, he said, "We have met Australia in light air and medium air, for the race tomorrow. I'd like 20 knots, so we can see how both boats do in that." Despite Turner's wishes to see the game played across the board, the winds were moderate on Sunday. The start was like the preceding three, both boats seemingly more intent on showing their worth on the course than in preliminary skirmishing. They were dead even across the line on port tack, with Australia apparently pointing higher than in the first three races. When she tacked over early with starboard rights, Courageous was obliged to tack under her. By the 10th minute Australia was getting slightly backwinded and was forced to tack away. Courageous rounded the first mark 44 seconds ahead and improved her position in subsequent legs to win by two minutes, 25 seconds.

While the boats remain untested in heavy air, in light and medium Australia had scant chance for a win without getting a decided edge at the start. The problem was her inability to point high, which probably was the result of slightly inferior sails and tuning.

It was a placid series on all counts. There was not a single prolonged tacking duel or any luffing games. There was no protest flag flown or any verbal shot fired. Indeed, about the only record set was for falling bodies. After throwing Turner into Newport Harbor, and throwing each other in, the crew of Courageous tossed in their rivals. They then dunked the brass of their team as well as Commodore Bob McCullough and Vice-Commodore Harry Anderson of the New York Yacht Club. Having run out of dignitaries, they tossed in their wives and sweethearts.

Since the first challenge in 1870, the U.S. has won 73 races and lost only seven. In the face of the ever-climbing odds, Bond said, "This time we averaged about two minutes difference in an average of 260 minutes per race. We came 13,000 miles to sail in new waters, and we came close. I can tell you this much. I think we have improved enough to justify coming back in 1980."

END

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THEY'RE BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE A BROKEN RECORD

With each immense roaring crowd, Los Angeles is drawing closer to three million in attendance, smashing its own major league mark **by RON FIMRITE**

It is said that baseball fans in Los Angeles will cheer anything that moves in Dodger Blue. As if to verify that statement, on a balmy evening last week the multitudes in "Beautiful Dodger Stadium" cheered a middle-aged man named Richard Dickson, who was attired in full Dodger apparel. Dickson was carrying a butterfly net with which he endeavored to capture five flies knocked out of a glass jar by Los Angeles Pitcher Tommy John. Dickson was being coached in this largely futile exercise by none other than Dodger Manager Tom Lasorda, who solemnly advised him to "keep your eye on the fly. Rich, your eye on the fly." Presiding over these bizarre proceedings was Bob Hilton, a prototypical television announcer—fluffy blond hair sprayed into place, blue blazer, open-necked white sports shirt, wrinkle-free gray slacks. Westbrook Van Voorhis voice you could hear in Canoga Park.

Hilton and his crew were filming fly-chaser Dickson for a sequence on the *Truth or Consequences* TV show. Get the picture? Dickson, a true-blue Dodger fan, was told by the emcee back at the studio that he would be outfitted in a Dodger uniform and brought to Dodger Stadium, where Lasorda would coach him in the technique of catching flies baited to him by John. All too true, Dickson must have thought, as John pounded the flies out of the jar toward his net.

Naturally, this inane venture had the full cooperation of the Dodgers, who cooperate with everyone. And, of course, the Dodger fans viewed this pre-game nonsense with characteristic good cheer as it unfolded before them near third base. Dickson might charitably be considered a weirdo anywhere but in Southern California, where catching flies with a butterfly net while wearing a baseball uniform is, while not exactly routine behavior, not very far out of the ordinary. Indeed, at Dodger Stadium, Dickson emerged as something of a hero.

There are many heroes at Chavez Ravine these exciting days, but the biggest of all may be the fans themselves, because it is they, not the players they so adore, who are approaching a most remarkable major league record. By the end of last week, 2,790,153 of them had passed through the Dodger Stadium turnstiles this season, enough to surpass by 34,969 the major league attendance record set by the 1962 Dodger fans in the stadium's first year. With seven home dates remaining, including three with traditional rival San Francisco and one Fan Appreciation Day promotion, Dodgers attendance this year is likely to reach the heretofore unthinkable total of three million.

continued

Los Angeles, which is averaging 38,000 fans a game, has had 16 crowds of more than 50,000



Dodger fans are getting behind themselves, reaching back for that extra buck, girding themselves for the final push, congratulating themselves for having the good taste to back their club as no team in history has been supported, cheering for themselves to break their own record. As Fred Clare, the Dodgers' affable and canny vice-president for public relations and promotions, has pointed out, "How many times does a fan have a chance to be a part of a major league record?"

In Los Angeles he gets lots of opportunities. The Dodgers now hold virtually all of the big league attendance records, both for a season and for single games. Between 1958 and 1962, when the Dodgers played in the Los Angeles Coliseum, a football stadium, marking time while their stadium was being built, they attracted more than 90,000 fans to four different games. The largest crowd ever to see a baseball game—93,103—watched the Dodgers and the Yankees play an exhibition on Roy Campanella Night, May 7, 1959. That year the team also set World Series single-game records on consecutive days with crowds of 92,394, 92,650 and 92,706. In the vast, saucerlike Coliseum, many fans were seated so far from home that they may as well have been in another ball park. Still they came, cheering for themselves when the attendance figures appeared on the scoreboard.

Of the 10 highest season attendance totals, the Dodgers have seven, including the top two. (The others in the top 10 belong to the 1948 Indians, 1976 Reds and 1970 Mets.) They have drawn more than two million in 13 seasons and have averaged better than that for the 20 years

they have been in Los Angeles. Two million is a figure most franchises never reach. This season the Dodgers hit it in their 50th game, the first time any team had drawn so many so soon. They have had 16 crowds of more than 50,000 (the average NFL team gets 56,482 a game for its seven-date home season) and 29 of more than 40,000. Their average for the year is slightly less than 39,000.

What the Dodgers have in their favor is depressingly apparent to competing franchises (although the opponents are more than happy with the money they receive as their 400-a-ticket visitors' shares at Dodger Stadium): excellent teams (since 1958, the Dodgers have finished lower than fourth only four times); perfect weather (only seven rainouts in 20 years); a huge population base (10 million people live within 50 miles of Dodger Stadium); and the cleanest, best-run and maybe even prettiest of all ball parks.

Dodger Stadium itself draws fans. Situated in Chavez Ravine in the otherwise humdrum Echo Park section of Los Angeles, it is, at age 15, one of the oldest big league baseball stadiums, but it gets better looking every year. Palm trees wave seductively above the scalloped roofs of the pavilions in left and right field, and at sunset the forested hills beyond take on a lavender tint. The marigolds in the giant planters outside the

park are replaced three times a season. The tiers of brightly colored seats rise above blue outfield fences and the lush green of a real grass field. It is a very nice place to watch a game.

The stadium was built expressly for baseball. And it was built by the Dodgers, thereby becoming the first privately financed ball park since Yankee Stadium was completed in 1923. No football games desecrate its turf, aside from an annual mobile home show, an occasional congregation of Jehovah's Witnesses and a rare rock concert starring the likes of Elton John, it is not used by anyone except the Dodgers.

The most appealing aspect of the place is its spit-and-polish cleanliness. You can almost check out the state of your hair-do by looking down at its polished concrete floors. Work crews numbering as many as 75 hose down and scrub the stadium daily. For large crowds—and there do not seem to be any other kind—there are attendants in all of the 75 rest rooms. The concession stands are immaculate, and they are thoroughly scrutinized before every game by various inspectors, one of whom makes his rounds on a skateboard. Every day an electrician checks all the bulbs in the structure by hustling from fixture to fixture on a motor scooter. As traffic enters the 16,000-car multilevel parking lot, it is directed

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER



from a booth on the stadium roof, and there is a service station on the lot, so the prudent fan can have his car lubricated, washed and gassed while he is inside the park.

The Dodgers employ their own security guards—as many as 85 for a capacity crowd—and 20 off-duty Los Angeles policemen to keep the multitudes in line. Several years ago, some unruly young patrons in the pavilions staged nightly punch-ups and tossed refuse on the field, particularly at Cincinnati's Pete Rose. Stadium Operations Director Bob Smith doused their spirits by cutting off beer sales in those sections. Fans there have been soberer and wiser ever since.

Dodger Stadium has the most garrulous message board in all of baseball, no mean accomplishment at a time when such appliances are given to prolixity, dazzling us with quizzes, statistics and other trivia. WELCOME TO BEAUTIFUL DODGER STADIUM reads the board as the fans arrive. Then, in a paroxysm of electronic conviviality, it sets about addressing each of them by name. A DODGER STADIUM WELCOME TO HELEN AND EARL SNYDER, LONG-TIME

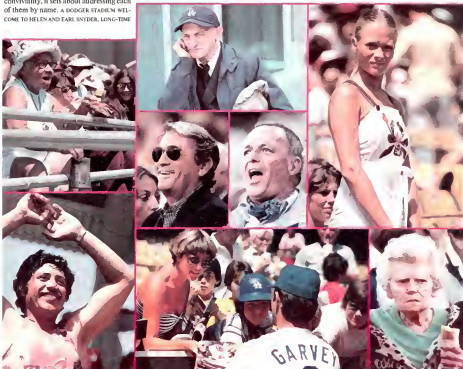
DODGER FANS ... A DODGER STADIUM WELCOME TO SIO AND MAY RIMER FROM LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND—SEEING FIRST DODGER GAME DODGER STADIUM ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS TO ... DODGER STADIUM BIRTHDAY

GREETINGS TO ... The message board is meticulous about getting its readers' hometowns straight, and in the course of a leisurely game it will contrive to mention virtually every one of the numberless communities that fill the Los Angeles basin. During a recent evening when the Padres were in town, greetings were extended to visitors from Chano, Pomona, Ontario, Anaheim, Pasadena, Long Beach, San Jacinto, Huntington Park, Yucaipa, Norwalk, Culver City, Glendale, Burbank, Alhambra, Downey, Beverly Hills, La Habra, Ventura, Northridge, Van Nuys, Glendora, Montebello, Hacienda Heights, Simi Valley, Claremont, Sierra Madre, Highland Park, Whittier, Costa Mesa, Thousand Palms, Palm Springs

and Oceanside, to name just a few. Anyone wishing to have his birthday, engagement, wedding or anniversary, or perhaps, divorce acknowledged by the board need only call Dodger Stadium between 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. on game days. The board sustains a running commentary as long as there are athletes on the field and fans in the stands. One almost expects it to extend Dodger Stadium Apologies to those few it has overlooked and, therefore, consigned to anonymity.

The Hollywood celebrities who have descended on Dodger Stadium in increasing numbers this season are safe from such a fate, because Lasorda himself dances attendance upon them in his dressing room. During his 19 seasons as the Los Angeles manager, Walter Alston conducted his business in an office the size of an airplane lavatory. The taciturn Midwesterner was not the sort to exchange ripostes with Cary Grant, so although many of the stars have long been

continued





Tom Lasorda bobbles over the soaps' Berardino

loyal Dodger fans, few of them had been seen in the clubhouse until this year. All that has changed with the ascendancy of the star-struck Lasorda. He selected as his office a room once used by the trainers and has had it carpeted in Dodger Blue from wall to autographed-picture wall. Here, in capacious grandeur, he entertains his famous friends in a manner reminiscent of the late Elsa Maxwell. Wines are served, and catered Chinese dinners are delivered. The guest list reads like Johnny Carson's. Already this season, Lasorda has wine, dined and exchanged Beverly Hills bearhugs with, among others, Frank Sinatra, Jonathan Winters, Don Rickles, Shekky Greene, Gene Kelly, Huntz Hall, Irving (Swiftly) Lazar, Tom Jones, Danny Kaye, Telly

Savalas, Walter Matthau, soap opera star and former baseball player Johnny Berardino and, representing another Los Angeles team, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Mike Douglas did a segment of his talk show in Lasorda's office, and Winters performed a baseball skit there before an audience of players.

"What do you think about all this?" Lasorda shouts exultantly in his cannonading voice. "Who'd ever think that the third-string pitcher for the Norristown, Pee-ay high school team would

what I want to talk to you about is that on Sept. 30 we're having a celebrity long-ball hitting contest here. I've been telling everybody about what power you had in your day. How about it? Yeah, yeah." Deafening laughter. "Hey, Frank, there's somebody here doing a story on the team. I'd consider it a personal favor if you'd talk to him. O.K., I'll put him right on."

The receiver was handed to the dumb-founded sportswriter. On the other end of the line he heard Sinatra's unmistakable voice. He listened as Old Blue Eyes, who reportedly has spent the better part of a career denouncing all journalists as prostitutes and worse, pleasantly sang the praises of Lasorda. "Of course I was rooting for Tommy to get the managerial job," the Voice said. "Everybody has been trying to boost him along. The players adore him. I think he's an unusual kind of manager. He stays so close to the kids. He has such a genuine quality about him. I know I like him. I've always been a good friend of Leo's [Durocher], and Tommy is just as gregarious. But Leo's drive is more... well... boisterous. I've seen him get thrown out of games. But Tommy is just great. Tell him he's a little overweight, though. I've just lost 32 pounds."

The journalist wordlessly handed the phone back to Lasorda.

"Yeah, thanks a lot, Frank. And say hello to Barbara."

The celebrities are highly visible in Dodger Stadium. Sinatra has a box be-



He got high on seeing Kermec in a celeb game

be hanging around people like this?"

Visiting newspapermen seeking an audience with Lasorda have been startled to find themselves being introduced instead to Kelly or the legendary agent Lazar, who once handled Ernest Hemingway's affairs. One journalist wishing to discuss baseball matters with the roly-poly manager last week found Lasorda engaged in an animated telephone conversation. Everybody's host on the Coast beckoned the visitor to be seated while he talked.

"Francis," he bellowed into the blower, "how the hell are you? Yeah, the team's goin' good right now. Hooton's hurt his arm, though, and Russell can't play tonight. But we're doin' better than the last time you were here. Hey, Frank,



It has been a vintage season on the field and off



A stinky twin bill in his office. Kelly and Lazar

hind the Dodgers' dugout, and he and Gregory Peck dined in the plush Dodger Stadium Club before a game with Cincinnati last month. But the team's promotion department, which works feverishly the year round, does not feel the big names are much of a lure for fans in a town where you are apt to end up standing in line behind Jack Nicholson in the meat market. It is the team that attracts the crowds, and more than any other organization, Los Angeles makes certain that even the most reclusive sorts in their potential audience know about the Dodgers. "Promotion requires everyday persistence," Board Chairman Walter O'Malley has said. "We have never taken the position that tickets will sell themselves."

The Dodgers are regularly covered by from 25 to 30 Southern California daily newspapers, and irregularly by as many as 50. Three major television stations and 10 radio stations are represented almost nightly at the stadium. For those stations that do not have people there, the Dodgers, through John B. Olds and Associates, provide summaries of every game, complete with post-game interviews, for use on the air. Not content with what amounts to free advertising in stories on the sports pages, the Dodgers pay for advertisements in at least seven of the area's biggest dailies. Their commercial spots abound on the airwaves.

Because most Dodger players live in Southern California, they are employed by the club throughout the year, advancing the cause at banquets and meetings. The players begin informal workouts in Dodger Stadium as early as January, and newsmen are kept fully apprised of any developments that may come out of these mostly inconsequential sessions. The culmination of these midwinter workouts, an annual game with USC's crack college team, has drawn as many as 50,000 fans in February. The Dodgers have their own television crew at their Vero Beach, Fla. training camp, and local sportscasters are encouraged to make use of the service. The team makes it a point never to be out of the news.

The Dodgers sell more season tickets—around 13,000—than any other major league team, and they excel at group sales. When 18,000 Sears employees showed up at the stadium for a game two years ago, they represented the largest single gathering of employees in the company's history. Of course, not every

group is that formidable, but during a typical season, the Dodgers will entertain at least a dozen consisting of 5,000 people or more. Ticket prices, which are now \$4.50 for boxes, \$3 for reserved seats, \$2 for general admission and \$1 for general admission for children under 12, have been raised just once in 20 years.

But the team's most effective salesman is unquestionably Broadcaster Vin Scully, generally conceded to be the best in the game. Scully, who moved west with the team from Brooklyn, probably receives as much fan mail as any of the players whose exploits he faithfully recounts. And though the transistor radio is no longer a staple at the ball park, Scully's resonant nasal voice remains the most dominant sound in Dodger Stadium. He is both educator and entertainer, a sharp, incisive reporter and wry observer. When Third Baseman Ron Cey walked on each of his plate appearances in a game against the Padres, Scully quipped, "Cey could have mailed this game in." A recent study by *Los Angeles Mediatrend* disclosed that an estimated 63.1% of the teen-age and adult population in the Los Angeles metropolitan area had been exposed to Dodger baseball through radio or television this year. Considering how often Scully's voice is heard, even that does not seem high enough. What in the name of Walter O'Malley is that other 36.9% listening to?

Because of network commitments, Scully has cut back on his Dodger broadcasts this year, a decision that outrages many of his loyal listeners. He now announces only home games on the radio and the 30 road games the Dodgers televise, which means that about 50 broadcasts are Scullyless. The great man's associates, Jerry Doggett and Ross Porter, have gamely carried on in his absence, but they cannot assuage the anxiety his absences create. Before a recent game, a woman in a box seat was heard to call out to her companion, "John! John! Vinnie's here! He's out on the field." It would be safe to switch on the transistor.

Pockets of unusually devoted fans may be found at any major league ball park, but few teams have been favored with such loyal followers as Mrs. Bonnie Marvin, who is 93, and her daughters, Mrs. Iola McCoy, 69, and Anna Marvin, 65. The Marvin women have seen every game the Dodgers have played in Los Angeles, some 1,600 in all. Despite advancing years, neither illness, injury nor af-

fections of the pocketbook have kept them from their appointed rounds. "We catch the flu when the team is on the road," says Anna Marvin. "We do not give in to ourselves," says Mrs. McCoy. The daughters operate their own businesses—Anna is a caterer, Mrs. McCoy, a widow for 27 years, runs a secretarial service—so they have no bosses to sneak away from to get to the ball park. Their working hours are fixed to the Dodgers' schedule. The three live together in the Lincoln Heights neighborhood, a 10-minute drive from the stadium. Season-ticket holders from the beginning, they currently occupy front-row box seats at the outfield end of the Dodger dugout. "At the start of each season," says Mrs. McCoy, "the players come over to count us." The women are shooting now for 2,000 straight games, perhaps another major league attendance record.

One of the large arteries into Dodger Stadium is Elysian Park Avenue. How appropriately named it must seem to the O'Malleys, because the ball park has proved to be a paradise for them. It is their own building, not the city's or county's, and the people have flocked to it. The team's income—the parking revenues as well as a portion of the concessions also go to the Dodgers—stagger the imagination. (Because the franchise is family owned and not required by law to release an accounting of its income, any estimate of Dodger earnings would be wildly speculative.) There are stars on the field, stars in the stands and riches everywhere. The league championship playoffs are ahead, and beyond that, with luck and skill, the World Series. The Dodgers are taking a fortune out of their Elysian field. But "take" is a deceptive word. To some fans "give" actually seems more apt.

"People always ask us if we have ever added up how much money we've spent on the Dodgers," Iola McCoy said last week, looking up from her scorecard. "Why, we never stop to figure that out. Where can you go and see a show like this for as little as \$4.50? These years with the Dodgers have been wonderful ones. We've cried with them, laughed with them, gotten mad at them, forgiven them, loved them. There is nothing like it. How much have we spent? All I know is that every penny of it has come back to us threefold in pleasure."

A fan cannot ask for more than that. Neither can a ball club.

ENR



BACK TO BRUCE IN A MOMENT. FIRST, THIS COMMERCIAL

Show an advertising man a dashing Olympic champion and he'll show you a man to be packaged, marketed and run up the flagpole. That's why Jenner's future is every bit as shiny as his decathlon gold medal

by BARRY McDERMOTT



In the 14 months since Bruce Jenner won the decathlon gold medal at the Montreal Olympics, he has become a product, boxed, packaged and marketed by a regiment of specialists. Hollywood gave him a screen test. Television introduced him to cue cards. Madison Avenue signed him up. At his speaking engagements, business executives weep unabashedly as he speaks of the hardships he overcame during training. He has even become a master at imbuing the most inane interview with charm and wit. Jenner has been coiffed, polished and groomed, then run up the flagpole to see if anybody would salute. They would—and do. Just check your local listings.

On the evening of July 30, 1976, Jenner burst across the finish line in Montreal to complete the decathlon's final event, the 1,500-meter run. His arms were upraised and a scream was on his lips, celebrating both victory and a world record of 8,618 points. The four-year pilgrimage was over.

That's Bruce Jenner, not Jack Armstrong, on the box of Wheaties, and those are Jenner-endorsed sneakers (which don't come in the boxes, by the way), while the real-life hero (below) waxes enthusiastic over his ally.



Jenner walked out of the stadium a different person, disdaining even to pick up his vaulting poles. Never again would he need them.

Jenner now is as absorbed in ledgers and balance sheets as he once was in the decathlon scoring tables, but he is still in a race for the gold. According to conservative predictions his income for 1977 will be more than \$500,000. Jenner and his wife Chrystie no longer have to worry about the price of dog food for their golden Labrador Bertha. They are living in a beautiful house in Malibu, one of the addresses in Los Angeles, but are looking for better digs in the neighbor-

hood. Jenner drives a \$35,000 Porsche Turbo Carrera and has three motorcycles. He earns as much as \$5,000 for a speech, the photograph showing him with arms upraised in victory is on the front of Wheaties boxes the world over, his autobiography, *Decathlon Challenge*, has already sold 20,000 copies. Soon you will be able to dress in a Bruce Jenner line of clothing. He has a budding career with ABC-TV as a sports commentator, and if Hollywood needs a new Six Million Dollar Man, Jenner is interested. All of this recalls the moment in Montreal when Jenner knew for certain that he would win the decathlon.

He lay down in the infield after scoring 15' 9" in the pole vault, put a towel over his face and cried tears of joy and relief. Leonid Litvinenko, a Russian decathlete, walked over to him, raised the towel and said with a wry grin, "Bruce, you going to be millionaire?" Jenner laughed.

Nadia Comaneci being unavailable for promotional purposes, Jenner has become the Montreal Games' most marketable hero. Not all Olympic superstars have been able to cash in on their fame. Jesse Owens, Johnny Weissmuller, Sonja Henie and Bob Mathias have had varying degrees of success, but many have flopped, most conspicuously Mark Spitz, who won seven gold medals at Munich but was a fish out of water on television both as an actor and doing commercials.

Now 27 and living in Los Angeles, Spitz said recently, "I'd rather say I was a has-been than a never-was." He still has a few endorsements, mostly for swimming gear, is involved in industrial real estate and is writing a book, as well as periodically denying rumors that his marriage is breaking up. "Things are going well. Life isn't a bowl of cherries, but I look forward to solving any difficulties I run into. I can't complain. The reports of marital problems are totally false. I wish everybody could be as happily married as I am."

One morning this June, Jenner is sitting in the copilot's seat of a small plane taxiing onto the runway at Chicago's O'Hare Airport. "Listen to the jets," he shouts over the roar. "It's the same feeling you want at the starting line! Vrrrooom..."

He is on his way to North Webster, Ind., a little town between South Bend and Fort Wayne—a community so remote, says J. Homer Shoop, that there is no bus or railway service into it. Shoop is a 64-year-old North Webster banker who heads the International Palace of Sports, a hall of fame that is honoring Jenner today as its King of Sports. A big crowd is expected. Shoop says that North Webster is smack in the middle of a summer-resort area and that last Saturday night 500 people showed up for a chicken barbecue and square dance Vrrrooom!

Jenner looks a bit alarmed when he hears this. He is not too clear what is to take place today, except that Chrystie is looking forward to seeing a picture of him with a crown on his head. It has been a typically busy week. On Sunday

continued



Jenner, the luncheon speaker, tells pretty much the same story over and over, but Jenner, the ABC television personality, does not want to be known as just another retireded jock sportscaster.



THE SEAGRAM'S GIN AND TONIC SECRET.

Use ice cubes made of tonic water.
Then add Seagram's Gin
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Seagram's. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

A color photograph of a man with curly brown hair and a mustache, wearing a green button-down shirt. He is holding a pack of Salem cigarettes in his left hand and a lit cigarette in his right hand. The background is a soft-focus green, suggesting an outdoor setting.

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he did the commentary for ABC at a moto-cross event in Carlsbad, Calif. On Monday he spoke before a group of university athletic directors in Las Vegas. On Tuesday he spoke at a luncheon in Los Angeles to promote the Wats Summer Games, for which he is honorary chairman. Later that day there was a round of interviews and an evening appearance before a group of business executives. Then an all-night flight to Chicago, a few hours' sleep in a motel room, and now it is Wednesday and he is somewhere over Indiana. "I just show up at the airport, pick up my ticket and go where it says," Jenner says. "It all works out." In May, he was home three days.

At the Warsaw, Ind., airport there is a mobile home waiting and the Jenner party piles aboard. A police car, its siren making cows look up from their grazing, escorts the mobile home to the Lake Tippecanoe Country Club where the award luncheon will take place. "Out here is my part of the country," says Jenner to Shoop. "I grew up in a small town in Connecticut and went to school in a small town in Iowa." Jenner always says the right things to people. When strangers first meet him, they expect him to wink, to show that he is only putting them on. How can one man embody so much good? But he is genuinely wholesome and exuberant; when a fashion photographer shot him recently, the impulsive Jenner stood on his hands in the studio. Lynn Swann, the wide receiver for the Pittsburgh Steelers and Jenner's close friend, likes to taunt him by telling sportswriters, "Bruce pours tequila on his Wheaties." However, Swann also notes that when Jenner drank too much white lightning at a party celebrating his new Malibu home, he was so remorseful that he and his Lab Bertha left the party and headed off to a nearby track where he ran two miles.

It turns out, however, that Homer Shoop is not what he at first seems to be. With Gardner Mulloy he won the 1960 national Public Parks senior doubles title. He is also entranced with the legend of Camelot, and his hall of fame at North Webster looks like a castle, complete with turrets and what might pass for a moat. In fact, much of downtown North Webster is quasi-Arthurian. The Double Dip 'N Dunk It, a doughnut shop, lacks only a drawbridge, and The Rusty Armor Bakery and the Princess Beauty

Parlor are big on medieval embellishments. Besides Jenner's coronation, two local youths who have won area sports competitions are to be knighted as Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad.

Standing in the doorway at the country club are comedian Phil Harris and ABC sportscaster Chris Schenkel, who lives on the shores of Lake Tippecanoe and is one of the prominent figures in the International Palace of Sports. The men are wearing large white sashes across their chests. Harris terms him the PRINCE OF PAGEANTRY. Schenkel's reads: KING ARTHUR. Jenner admires Schenkel and considers broadcasting the ideal career. "The only way to do it is to improve myself so they'll keep me on for the 1980 Games as Bruce Jenner, sportscaster, and not Bruce Jenner, former Olympic champion," he says. "I've got four years to prove myself."

For his induction, Jenner will wear a crown and hold a scepter and sword; he might be auditioning for one of those television margarine commercials. Later in the day parachutists will land on the lawn of Camelot Square, where the hall of fame is located. A wax figure of Jenner will be ceremoniously unveiled and his portrait will be displayed as he signs autographs and conducts an impromptu news conference.

The luncheon audience at the country club is composed of local businessmen and their wives, plus a gaggle of girls seeking to be named Queen of the Lake Mermaid Festival. Many are wearing platform shoes, high school class rings and clothes so new that they still have the holes in them from the tags. They cast sidelong glances at visiting celebrity Jenner, who has rarely stopped smiling since he walked into the dining room. When he is presented with a medalion approximately the size of a large pie that bears his likeness, Jenner quips, "Wonder if it'll fit in a parking meter?"

Listening to Jenner you get the feeling that with people like him around, the world will turn out all right after all. Men and women admire him equally, partly because he does not come across as sexually aggressive. In bantering with women, Jenner is disarming but never enticing. When a hard-eyed Las Vegas cocktail waitress spotted him earlier in the week, she sneered to George Wallach, Jenner's agent, "Has he had his Wheaties today?" His laugh is a giggle

and he has a habit of referring to himself as the Kid, and speaks a dialect that might be described as Fraternity. And then there is the moral-uplift effect. He tells his rapt audiences that his wife Chrystie had to support him while he trained for the Olympics, that there was a hurdle set up in their living room, that he dreamed he was running in the Games, churning his legs in his sleep; that he consumed 57 vitamin pills a day. They can relate this stirring account of hard work to incidents in their own lives.

Jenner has one basic speech that begins with a reference to his recent motorcycle accident when he hurt his knee, requiring an operation. In North Webster, he is still wearing a cast and walking with a limp—a wounded knight. "Since the Games, things have been kind of up and down," he begins. "Insurance rates went up. Wheaties stock went down." For the past month, Jenner has started a good share of interviews, as well as almost every speech, in this fashion. Schenkel leans over to a luncheon companion and says, "He loves this, doesn't he?" And watching Jenner, it is easy to see that he does. His face lights up as he recounts the drama leading to the final hours at Montreal. A sports announcer could not set the stage or describe the action more expertly. The audience is hushed and attentive. Workers from the country-club kitchen stand in the doorway, peering in as Jenner speaks of reaching for that extra surge of adrenaline. By the time he leads the audience across the finish line and talks of preparing to ascend the steps for the victory ceremony, all eyes in the room are glistening and Shoop, for one, sits before him with tears streaming down his face. "...and then, walking out, I looked back at that empty stadium," concludes Jenner, "and I said, 'Thanks for the memories.'" Suddenly the entire room stands and begins applauding. Phil Harris is on his feet, murmuring, "Beautiful, beautiful," and nodding his head in approval. It makes people happy to know that Bruce Jenner is an American.

One of the first things you notice about Jenner is that he is so sure of himself; he is completely unflappable, a quality that probably stems from never defining his own limits. He believes that he can do whatever he wants to do. When concentrating, he is so single-minded that he be-

continued

comes oblivious to his surroundings. At a 1975 meet in which he beat Olympic champion Nikolai Avilov and set the then world record of 8,524 points, he was so intense that he did not notice a wildly thrown javelin that almost speared him in the neck. And while signing an autograph, he forgot how to make a J. When he set out to win the Olympic gold medal, he was foresighted enough to plan to write a book about his triumph. Last spring he told *The New York Times*, "I knew going in that if I won the gold medal I wasn't going to be a dummy and let it slip through my fingers. There was a lot of money at stake and I knew if I played my cards right I could set us up for life. The whole ball game is to preserve your credibility and your image, not do something that makes you look like a fool." Since then, however, Jenner has softened his approach. "I don't like to talk about money," he says. "After the Games all they talked about was money, and for me, money was not a part of it. They talked about it more than they did the gold medal. And I didn't like that." In part, for Jenner, the money has become a way to keep score. If Bob Mathias makes \$300,000 a year in lecture fees, Jenner wants to do as well. If O. J. Simpson gets so much per commercial, Jenner wants the same. It is another game that he is good at.

"This is how the system works," he says. "No. 1—George Wallach. George oversees everything. He's my right-hand man, my personal manager. From there, the William Morris Agency, The Wheaties deal... they handle all the big stuff. Next is Rogers & Cowan. They are the publicity people. They handle all the press. Their main function is to keep me out in the public, in the proper way. Next is a Speakers Bureau, which handles the college market. Then there is Leisure Concepts, which handles licensing and marketing for clothing lines: the shirts, shoes, sweat pants. And then there is the No. 1 boss, Chrystie Jenner. *The Boss*. She's a very strong, aggressive, determined lady." Chrystie, who also has written a book and is a burgeoning actress, got her nickname last year when she, Wallach, and Jenner's attorney Alan Rothenberg were interviewing potential accountants. One of the applicants was puzzled about her function in the operation and queried her about it. "Well," answered Chrystie,

"I guess you could say I'm the boss."

Jenner has the ability to do 10 straight radio interviews and give each a distinctive flavor. And since the Olympics he has done thousands of them. He also has been given enough keys to cities to fill a locksmith's shop. Taeritown, N.Y., Lamoni, Iowa, San Jose, Calif. and Newton, Conn. all held Welcome Home days for Jenner, and his high school in Newton named its football stadium Bruce Jenner Stadium. When Jenner took his medal to his bank to put it in a safe-deposit box, all the bank workers crowded around for a glimpse of it, as if it were a newborn baby. America likes its heroes pure and simple, and it has what it wants in Bruce Jenner.

"The money is not the most important thing," says Wallach. He is sitting in Mumm's, San Francisco's posh new private club. Jenner is in the Bay Area for a tour of a number of Macy's stores that are selling his clothing line as well as his book. That morning he also appeared on two television programs and a radio talk show. It was just a few years ago that Chrystie called up a San Francisco radio station and asked if her husband could be interviewed. "We don't interview people who beg for publicity," a staffer said frostily.

Now Wallach is explaining the joy he gets out of working with Bruce Jenner. "We're all going to make a lot of money, but the great thing was being in the center of the hurricane when a hero was born, that electric moment. Inside each of us there's got to be a little bit of Arnold Palmer and Mark McCormack. And I've got to believe that Mark McCormack would rather be on the 18th at Augusta, sinking the winning putt. It's like the brass ring you always dream about. You want to be close to that moment, because after all, don't we all really want to be a hero?"

Even the Kansas City Kings of the NBA got into the act. President and General Manager Joel Axelson made Jenner the team's seventh-round draft choice this year, a whim to be sure, but another sign of his marketability. "Right now there is a trend toward the all-American look," Jenner told a group early in the week. "That healthy look. The Farrah-Fawcett look. I think we're getting back to it."

The only door that has not opened wide for Jenner is the one to movie stardom. After the Games he did a screen test for the role of Superman. Jenner flew to Rome and, wearing a cape and ski pants, his hair slicked down with mineral oil, read for the part. The verdict was that he photographed too young. "I never said I wanted to be a movie star," says Jenner. "I never even was in my high school class play. But after the test was over, I said, 'Hey, that was fun. The Kid enjoyed it. I want to do it again.'" To that end Jenner is thinking of taking acting lessons, simply because he never is going to do anything that he cannot do well. "People would like to see you fail," he says matter-of-factly. "They're waiting to take a shot at you all the time, so I have to be careful."

This is how careful: a tennis neophyte, Jenner refuses to play against women, even his friend Linda Elliott, the girl friend of pole vaulter Dave Roberts and the girl Chrystie roomed with at Montreal. Jenner played a celebrity doubles match with Rafer Johnson against Ethel Kennedy and her sister-in-law Jean Kennedy Smith at Forest Hills last year, and Ethel hit him with an overhead smash when he tried to poach. Then when he attempted to hit her with the ball, the crowd booed. Jenner did not think it fair.

Jenner also considers it unfair to compare him with Spitz. "I certainly didn't look at his success or failure and do it any differently," he says. "I would have done things the same way if he had not even been in the 1972 Olympics."

Jenner was once an aspiring water skier, but he did so badly in a national competition in 1966 that he dropped the sport and switched to the decathlon. His latest transition seems to have gone just as well. "When I was training," he says, "I was my own boss. I got up when I wanted to and I trained when I wanted to and I got the job done. Now for the rest of my life I can be my own boss. I can determine what I'm going to do and I don't have to work for anybody."

And, with few exceptions, the Kid is pulling it off—and wowing his audience. Recently, while hurrying through the Los Angeles Airport, he jostled a matronly lady who scolded him furiously. Then she recognized the object of her ire. "I saw you in the Olympics and I liked you," she spluttered. "I see you now and I hate you." But then, that's show biz. **END**

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An end to the bickering

They had been arguing about their phantom rivalry for 42 years, but when Iowa and Iowa State finally met again on a gridiron only State came away feeling upset

Iowans, Professor Harold Hill discovered in *The Music Man*, are so by-darn stubborn they can stand touching noses for a week at a time and never see eye to eye. They also bicker, bicker, bicker, which might explain why until last Saturday the University of Iowa and Iowa State had not shared a football field in more than four decades. Other states can swing it—Michigan plays Michigan State, Washington plays Washington State, and so on through Mississippi, Oklahoma, Arizona and more—but not Iowa. And just because past games approached the Civil War in intensity.

Over the years if Iowa suggested a renewal of the series, Iowa State didn't want it, and if State did, Iowa didn't. Stubborn. But last week, keeping a date that had been arranged nearly a decade ago, the two teams finally met, and Iowa's underdog Hawkeyes won 12-10.

It was a game that should do nothing to scare future opponents of either team, but tell that to any of the nearly 60,000 frantic fans in jam-packed Kinnick Stadium in Iowa City and you might find yourself hustled to the outskirts of town. As predicted, the game was tough—but there were no flagrant fouls. When it was over, Iowa fans tore down one of the goalposts while State fans watched—but there were no skirmishes. And only a few minor ones in the long, noisy night that followed. Part of the halftime show was devoted to a plea for unity "across this great state of ours," and unity there seemed to be.

But then there seemed to be statewide unity after the teams met for the first time in 1894, a game won by Iowa State 16-8. In fact, it was not until 1897 that trouble oc-

curred. Iowa was leading 10-6 when one Foster Parker bolted 40 yards for a State touchdown. On the play, the Hawkeyes contended, State committed a flagrant foul, but there was no flag. Inate, the Iowa team stalked off the field, forfeiting the game 6-0.

That set the tone for future intrastate battles. An Iowa player was warned before a subsequent game that he would be nailed and, sure enough, he was swarmed under and hurt while signaling for a fair catch. An Iowa State player was discovered to be winding up a six-year career having played two seasons at Grinnell College, handily located midway between Ames and Iowa City. After one game, the Iowa State Register complained that "quite the worst thing of the entire season was the use Iowa made

of an ear-splitting steam whistle during the game. This contrivance seriously interfered with the visitor's signals. Even more disgusting was the continual exhibition of this noisemaking device whenever the loyal rooters of Ames sought to encourage their team by good wholesome cheering."

Postgame bitterness across the state became so intense that a recommendation was made to the State Board of Education following a 1915-16 survey of the two schools under the direction of the U.S. Commissioner of Education. It advised: "The annual football game between the college and the university is the occasion for the revival of feuds, charges and countercharges, the reassertion of differences and criticisms, which, at best, have had only poor reasons for existence." The series was broken off in 1920, renewed in 1933-34 and then dropped for the next 42 years.

During the hiatus it was Iowa State that most often pressed for a revival. Iowa remained firmly opposed. It was, after all, top dog in the state. As an academic institution it had a better pedigree, being older and offering degrees in law, medicine and journalism. Iowa State was primarily an agriculture and engineering school. And Iowa had more football prestige, too. The Hawkeyes won the Big Ten title in 1956 and 1958, went to the Rose Bowl both seasons and won there, too. Iowa State usually was finishing far down in the Big Eight.

The picture has changed in recent years, however. Iowa has not had a winning season since 1961, helped not at all by a schedule laced with USC, UCLA, Penn State and Notre Dame. Most of those games were the legacy of the former athletic director, Forest Evashevski, the man who had coached Iowa to those two Rose Bowl triumphs. "Evy wanted to make sure he was Iowa's last winning football coach," says one Hawkeye fan. Iowa State, for its part, went to bowl games after the 1971 and 1972 seasons and finished 8-3 last year.



Iowa's defense took pleasure in introducing itself to State's Dexter Green

continued

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It was Evashevski, at odds with Iowa's Athletic Council in the late 1960s, who brought about the renewal of the series under slightly cloudy circumstances. With his counterpart at Iowa State, Clay Stapleton, he convinced the councils of both schools that it was time to take another crack at it, that the intrastate game could be good for Iowa. At first they agreed to a two-game series in 1977-78, but one morning in 1969 members of the councils were surprised to read in their newspapers that there was a second contract calling for four more games through 1982. In the furor that followed, Evashevski quit. His successor, Bump Elliott, eventually signed the contracts for the combined six-game series.

Now the bickering really began. At first all six games were scheduled for Iowa City, because Kinnick Stadium holds 58,500 and Iowa State's Clyde Williams Field in Ames seated only some 34,000. Build a larger place and we'll give you a home game, Iowa said. State did, opening for business in 50,000-seat Cyclone Field in 1975. O.K., said Iowa, you can have the 1981 game. No good, countered State. We want three games just like you, Iowa refused. Rollie Knight, chairman of Iowa State's Athletic Council, said, "Iowa is arrogant and selfish." He suggested canceling the series after this year's game.

No way. According to an Iowa newspaper poll, 500,000 fans would have purchased tickets to last Saturday's game if they had been available. That's nearly 20% of the state's population. The game was being televised regionally, the Hawk-eyes' first such appearance since 1971. Both teams had won their openers and both had lost their starting quarterbacks. In fact, Iowa had lost two, forcing Coach Bob Commings to use a freshman against Northwestern. The freshman, Bob Commings Jr., threw two touchdown passes in a 24-0 win. Commings Sr. promptly named Commings Jr. as his starting quarterback for the big game. In turn, Iowa State Coach Earle Bruce announced he was reporting Commings to the NCAA. "His quarterback has been living with him," Bruce said. "That's a recruiting violation."

By Friday every motel room as far away as Cedar Rapids, 25 miles north of Iowa City, was booked. Restaurants were overflowing. In the bar of one of them taped highlights of the Northwestern victory were being shown. The newspaper

fed readers a torrent of trivia: lineups, fight songs, what the two coaches were doing during the last Iowa-Iowa State game (both were infants) and interviews with families who had children at both schools (State Athletic Director Lou McCullough had two sons attending Iowa). There were scare stories: young Bobby Commings was hurt in practice. Untrue. Iowa Placekicker Scott Schilling severed his Achilles tendon when a golf cart tipped over on him. True, and it nearly cost Iowa the ball game.

During one 2½-minute burst in the first quarter there was as much excitement as the pregame hoopla promised. Both teams sounded each other out, gained nothing noteworthy and punted. Twice apiece. But the third time Iowa punted, Tom Buck fielded the ball on his 37, survived an almost instantaneous hit, found his way to the right sideline and his blockers and went the distance. Extra point good, 7-0 State.

But on the second play following the kickoff, Commings handed off to Tailback Dennis Mosley, who bolted 77 yards to a touchdown. But not the tying TD. Punter Dave Holsclaw, placekicking because of Schilling's injury, missed the extra point. State held on to its lead, 7-6.

Not for long. When State fumbled following the kickoff, Iowa recovered and scored on two smashes by Jon Lazar, the second covering 10 yards. Trying for two points, Iowa failed and led 12-7.

That, for all intents, was the game. State added a field goal early in the second quarter, and then both teams engaged in a punting duel—there were 21 in all. Iowa made only one first down in the second half, but State wasn't going anywhere, either. The Cyclones did get one last chance late in the game when they took over just inside midfield and made two first downs to make it first and 10 on the Iowa 27. But three running plays gained nothing, and the field-goal attempt was short.

After the game was over, walking arm in arm through the huge milling crowd were two students, one from Iowa, the other from Iowa State. Arm in arm because the State guy had a cardboard box over his head and couldn't see. A losing bet. "Step right up and see a deflated Cyclone fan," the Iowa student kept shouting. Under the box, the State student seemed to be taking it pretty well. Maybe Iowans aren't so by-damn stubborn after all.

THE WEEK

by RON REID

SOUTH Showing Southern hospitality, Mississippi took advantage of only one Notre Dame mistake when the two teams met for the first time in Jackson. The Irish, who went into the game a 14-point favorite, should be grateful. Had the Rebs utilized Yankee opportunism, they would have come away with a rout rather than the 20-13 upset victory this made Rebel yells reverberate from Tupelo to Bloom. Ole Miss, however, got only one field goal from Notre Dame's five turnovers, one blocked punt and penalties for an intelligible receiver, intentional grounding and too many men on the field.

Mississippi earned both its touchdowns on dazzling drives, while Notre Dame, which was able to convert on only one of 13 third downs, scored all its points as the result of Ole Miss errors—the Rebels munched the Irish in lost fumbles (3) and interceptions (2). With an attack that unfleashed such razzle-dazzle as a tailback reverse pitchout, the Rebels struck for their first TD two minutes after Notre Dame had taken a 7-3 lead. Left-handed Quarterback Bobby Garner ignited the 74-yard march with a pass to Roy Coleman good for 52 yards and finished it with a nine-yard scoring loss to Fullback James Storey.

But Garner gave way to the 86° heat and 65% humidity late in the fourth quarter after Dave Reece's 28-yard field goal had given the Irish a 13-10 lead with 4:53 left to play. Coach Ken Cooper called on Tim Ellis, a senior third-stringer. In an 80-yard drive that ended with another touchdown throw to Storey, Ellis completed three of four passes for 68 yards, the most notable reception was by Tight End L. Q. Smith, who caught the ball coming across the middle and squirmed, twisted, wriggled and wormed his way to the Notre Dame 23 for a 48-yard gain. "That last drive went like it was drawn on the blackboard," said Ellis. Said Cooper, "I went into the game thinking we were going to win it. I guess our players believed it, too."

Ole Miss salvaged what was otherwise a dismal week for teams in the Southeastern Conference, whose defending champion, Georgia, was upset by Clemson 7-6. To his credit, Bulldog Coach Vince Dooley sacrificed what probably would have been a tie by passing unsuccessfully for a two-point conversion with six seconds left in the game. It was a long-odds gamble after a delay-of-game penalty had put the ball back to the eight-yard line, but Dooley said, "I thought that since we had an opportunity to win, we would go ahead and try. I didn't think we deserved to win in the first place, so I thought I'd stretch our

continued

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**NATIONAL
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National Car Rental

In a contest apparently scheduled by the Marquis de Sade, Texas outclassed Virginia 66-0. Earl Campbell scored two touchdowns and slashed for 156 yards in 19 carries, while playing little more than a quarter, to become the second leading rusher in Longhorn history with 2,942 yards.

At Little Rock, Lou Holtz experienced the sort of postgame jubilation he rarely knew last season when he coached the New York Jets, as his Arkansas Razorbacks cut up Oklahoma State 28-6. The game matched Heisman candidates Terry Miller, who gained 132 yards on 24 carries for Oklahoma State, and Arkansas' Ben Cowins, who rushed for 203 on 21 carries. Cowins also scored two touchdowns, one of them on a 72-yard run.

Florida ripped Rice 48-3 and Oregon beat TCU 29-24.

1. TEXAS TECH (2-0)
2. TEXAS A&M (2-0) 3. TEXAS (2-0)

MIDWEST At Lincoln, where Nebraska had been knocked out of the rankings a week earlier, *Sar Wars* fell on Alabama. The Cornhuskers saw the film on Friday night and were inspired by it on Saturday afternoon, when The Force seemed to be with Nebraska in a 31-24 victory over the Crimson Tide.

Junking its conservative offense, Nebraska pulled off a fake field goal for one touchdown, a slot reverse for another and further enlivened the contest with a play in which the ball went from Quarterback Tom Sorely to I-back Rick Berns to Wide Receiver Tim Smith back to Sorely, who then threw an 11-yard pass to Tight End Ken Spaeth. The last time anyone scored more than 30 points against Alabama was in the 1972 Orange Bowl game. The opponent was Nebraska. The score was 38-6.

Alabama had tied the game at 24 with 12:34 left before Nebraska launched an 80-yard drive ending in Berns' decisive touchdown. The key play in the march was a 33-yard third-down pass from Sorely to Smith. Nebraska also profited from five interceptions, two by Monster Buck Jim Pilen in the fourth quarter. "Give Nebraska credit for the turnovers," said Bear Bryant. "I think we lost to a good team. I'd like to think that time ran out on us, but I guess that's being optimistic."

Washington State, which had upset Nebraska two weeks ago, soaked it to Michigan State 23-21. In an aerial war that produced the combined totals of 37 completions in 60 attempts for 556 yards and four touchdowns, WSU's Jack Thompson had the edge over the Spartans' Big Ten passing champion, Ed Smith. Indeed, Thompson seemed to thrive under adverse conditions, connecting on 12 of 14 passes in the second half despite a sudden rainstorm. All told, Thompson completed 21 of 30 for 364 yards and two touchdowns, both to Flanker Brian Kelly.

Like many of the teams in the Top Ten,

No. 1-ranked Michigan looked sluggish in a 21-9 defeat of Duke—a game that ended when time ran out for the Blue Devils on the Wolverine one-yard line. "If you're looking for super powers in college football," said Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler, "you're not going to find them, because of the [limit of] 95 scholarships. We have an equalization of talent. It's probably good for football but bad for Michigan people who expect to win by four or five touchdowns all the time."

Ohio people were not disappointed, however, as the Buckeyes routed Minnesota 38-7. Ohio State also threw eight (count 'em, eight) passes—two for touchdowns. "We passed the ball too much," Woody Hayes said, winking. "We're getting frivolous, and that's not good." Woody was pleased with Quarterback Rod Geralt, who connected on five of seven for 95 yards and a touchdown and added 63 yards on 12 option runs.

Meeting LSU for the second time in 53 years, Indiana scored an unexpected 24-21 victory when Tailback Ric Enis ran 11 yards with a pitchout for the winning touchdown with 2:33 left.

Lunebacker Marty Murray scored on a 100-yard pass interception to give Indiana State a 14-9 win over Southern Illinois. Oklahoma poured it on Utah 62-24; Illinois edged Missouri 11-7, and Florida State defeated Kansas State 18-10.

1. OKLAHOMA (2-0)
2. MICHIGAN (2-0) 3. OHIO STATE (2-0)

EAST Houston's two games in six days were evidently too much for the Cougars. Fresh from its Monday night conquest of UCLA, Houston was savaged 31-14 as well-rested Penn State racked up 521 yards total offense, 245 through the air. The defeat was doubly dismal for Houston Coach Bill Yeoman, who also lost Quarterback Danny Davis, prime mover of the Cougars' veer attack. Davis will be out six or seven weeks with a shoulder separation. Asked if his team had suffered any other injuries, Yeoman replied, "That's like asking Mrs. Lincoln if anyone else was hurt."

Junior Quarterback Chuck Fuma led the Lions by completing 15 of 23 passes for 245 yards, including a 29-yard touchdown toss to Split End Scott Fitzkee and four receptions by Tight End Mickey Shuler good for 100 yards.

The Ivy League championship may have been determined on the first Saturday of the conference season. That was the conjecture in New Haven after Yale edged Brown 10-9, with a goal-line stand Eli Coach Carmen Cozza called "the greatest I've ever seen." Trailing 10-7 with less than two minutes to play, Brown had a first-and-goal at the Yale two-yard line, but the Elis' veteran defensive unit—third best in the nation against the rush last year—held on four successive downs,

stopping Brown inches from the end zone. With 30 seconds remaining, Yale could either punt or try to cut up the clock with a running play, thereby risking a safety it could afford. Eli Quarterback Bob Rizzo tried to sneak the ball out of the end zone and was tackled for the two points, but the gamble succeeded as Brown was unable to score after the free kick. Yale took a 7-0 lead in the first quarter on John Paglaro's 23-yard run and improved to 10-0 when David Schwartz, who had played a soccer game against Brown Saturday morning, booted a 34-yard field goal in his first varsity attempt. Brown's touchdown came in the fourth quarter on a 52-yard pass from Quarterback Mark Whipple to soph Receiver Mark Farnham. Last year, Brown defeated Yale in the opener but later in the season lost to Penn and ended up tied with the Elis for the Ivy title.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Nebraska Tailback Rick Berns, a 6' 2", 205-pound junior, ran for 128 yards on 23 carries and scored three touchdowns, including the game winner with 7:12 left, in the Cornhuskers' 31-24 defeat of Alabama.

DEFENSE: Mississippi Linebacker Brian Moreland, a 6' 2", 226-pound sophomore, recovered two fumbles, intercepted a pass and was credited with 14 tackles, nine unassisted, in the Rebels' 20-13 upset of Notre Dame.

In other Ivy League games, Harvard beat Columbia 21-7; Dartmouth edged Princeton 14-11 and Penn defeated Cornell 17-7.

At Yankee Stadium, Grambling tipped Morgan State 35-19 as Tiger Quarterback Doug Williams, a Heisman Trophy hopeful, completed 21 of 36 passes for 370 yards and four touchdowns.

Pitt rebounded from its opening game loss to Notre Dame to beat William and Mary 28-6; North Carolina State blanked Syracuse 38-0; Army defeated VMI 27-14 and Navy routed Connecticut 38-0.

1. PENN STATE (2-0)
2. ARMY (2-0) 3. PITTSBURGH (1-1)

WEST In yet another instance of a quality team failing to meet the high and unbending standard set for it by the nation's oddsmakers, USC barely survived its mistakes to beat Oregon State at Corvallis, 17-10. A four-touchdown favorite, the Trojans had a 275-53 advantage in rushing yardage but lost four fumbles. One of them, at the USC 10-yard line, enabled the Beavers to tie the score at 10 with a field goal early in the fourth quarter.

In keeping with its No. 2 ranking, however, Southern Cal tried harder after the kick and zoomed 71 yards to the winning touch-

continued

**"You've got to keep
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Mickey Mantle



(Mickey Mantle has been justly called the premier athlete of his decade. Four times American League home run king, three times most valuable player, he retired in 1968 and was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1974. He and Whitey Ford are the subjects of a popular new book, "Whitey and Mickey," published by Viking Press.)

Q. That must be rough to do. After running for 20 years, the body probably wants to take it easy.

A. That's right, but you can't let up. There's too many banquets, too many guys buying you drinks.

It's easy to balloon up and become a walking heart attack.

Q. Do most former athletes stay in good shape?

A. They want to, because they have pride in their bodies. But it's hard, especially if you retired because of an injury.

Q. You mean the injury keeps you from playing other sports?

A. Sure. With my knee, I can never play tennis or handball. If I could play tennis, I could still be playing baseball.

Q. How do you keep in shape?

A. I ride a bike, I play golf and swim. I can walk about nine holes of golf, then my knee starts getting worse. That's what's good about a bike. It's like an exercise machine, only a lot more fun. I need it.

Q. So once your body is used to athletics, you can't ever really quit.

A. That's true. Of course, I've always enjoyed athletics and I still do. I just miss getting paid for it.

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down in four plays. The drive was culminated by a 50-yard touchdown pass from Quarterback Rob Hertel to Wide Receiver Randy Simmen. A play-action pass, it caught both OSU deep backs coming up to play the run. Their concern figured USC Tailback Charles White earned 38 times for 188 yards, and his running mate, Moss Tatupu, picked up 95 yards on 10 carries. "We're like everyone else," said USC Coach John Robinson. "There are no super teams in the country."

After seven scoreless quarters, Air Force finally took off against California, but couldn't get high enough to avert defeat 24-14. Trailing 21-14 late in the game, the Falcons intercepted a pass at the Cal 33, but gave the ball back on the next play when Quarterback Dave Ziebart (20 for 41 for 206 yards) was sacked by Tackle Craig Watkins and fumbled. The turnover ultimately gave Cal a field goal and Ziebart a headache that put him on the bench for the final two minutes. Cal Quarterback Charlie Young completed 17 of 29 for 182 yards and two touchdowns.

Washington had enough firepower to out-punch San Jose State 24-3, thanks largely to two first-half touchdowns by Tailback Joe Steele. Steele scored on a 63-yard run and caught an eight-yard touchdown pass from Quarterback Warren Moon.

When Steele had to sit out the second half with a swollen knee, Coach Don James unleashed a pair of freshmen, Fullback Toussaint Tyler and Tailback Kyle Stevens, who combined for 125 yards. The Hunkes' Steve Robbins kicked a field goal and three extra points to raise his career total to 152 points, thereby becoming the top placement kicker in Washington history.

UCLA knocked off Kansas 17-7 as Peter Boormeester filled in for injured Frank Corral. A junior-college transfer not listed in the Bruin press brochure, Boormeester came into the game in the second quarter and kicked a 45-yard field goal. "I hardly know him," UCLA Coach Terry Donahue said of his left-footed, soccer-style kicker, "and he doesn't know me. I called him over just before we sent him in and asked if he could kick 'em that far. He assured me he could and I was delighted with the result." The Bruins also rushed for 314 yards. Olympic hurdler James Owens picking up an even 100, and a touchdown, on 19 carries.

San Diego State beat Arizona 21-14 in the first 24 seconds when Quarterback Joe Davis connected on a 28-yard touchdown pass to Split End Ronnie Smith.

Arizona State trounced Northwestern 35-3 before a stadium record crowd of 57,149 at Tempe, Ariz. Northern Arizona inaugurated its new domed stadium with a 25-24 win over Montana and Wyoming beat Texas El Paso, 27-17.

1. USC (2-0)

2. UCLA (1-1) 3. CALIFORNIA (2-0)

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Now there is one, maybe

As the Red Sox hit futile fires and the Orioles got into a temper over a tarpaulin that cost them a game, the Yankees widened their American League East lead

Instead of their usual pregame procedure of discussing the opposing hitters with their teams, last Thursday the three American League East managers involved in the list of the red-hot divisional races simply should have told their players, "Beware the Ides of September."

The 15th got off to a bizarre beginning in New York, where just the night before journalists had declared, after a 2-0 Yankee victory over the Red Sox, that the race was over. During the day the Yanks announced the purchase of the unsigned, moody slugger Dave Kingman, who so far this season had played—or ridden the bench—for the Mets, Padres and Angels. That was followed by the disclosure that Catfish Hunter had a hernia; by 55,218 fans in Yankee Stadium booing the national anthem because it was being played by the Boston Pops; by New York bellwether Mickey Rivers

spraining his ankle and the team's winningest pitcher, Mike Torrez, coming up with a stiff shoulder; by an estimated 75 fights and a stabbing in the stands that resulted in 20 arrests; and by fans pelting the Sox with everything from bananas to a loaf of bread.

Meanwhile, in rainy Toronto, the Blue Jays were leading the contending Orioles 4-0 in the fifth inning when Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver pulled his team off the field and forfeited the game. The reason was that Umpire Marty Springstead, not exactly Weaver's favorite guy, would not instruct the Exhibition Stadium ground crew to take the tarpaulin off a mound in the bullpen adjacent to the left-field line.

But while the Ides may have been highly unusual, the only immediate significance of Sept. 15 was that it was the only day last week on which the Yan-

kees lost. This was to be the week when the ranks of the contenders began to thin out, and Boston was the key to it all with its six-game trip to New York and Baltimore. What happened to the Red Sox shouldn't happen to your mother-in-law. The Yanks and Orioles both took two out of three from them. When the week was over, Boston was 4½ games behind New York. And the Yankees had not only increased their edge over Baltimore in the loss column to three, but they also had put one more week of the schedule behind them. Time had clearly become New York's strongest ally.

The week began with the Yanks 1½ games ahead of Boston and three in front of Baltimore. As always, the Red Sox and Yankees drew big, boisterous crowds. The attendance of 164,852 was the largest for a three-game series in the major leagues since 1958. The Sox slugged drive after drive to the warning track bordering that immense expanse known as the Yankee Stadium outfield, but ended up losing 4-2 and 2-0.

In the first of those games, on Tuesday, New York left-hander Ron Gaudry wrung every ounce of stamina out of his 158-pound body while holding Boston to five hits. The next evening Ed Figueroa may have pitched the shakiest shutout of the season. The Yankee offensive heroes were Rivers, who homered on Tuesday, and Reggie Jackson, who on Wednesday made two spectacular catches of fly balls he had originally misjudged before hitting a game-breaking home run in the ninth to beat the Sox 2-0. Figueroa also got plenty of help from the Sox, who stranded nine base runners. In fact, Boston players are likely to spend the winter suffering through mental reruns of two at bats in this game that may have knocked them from contention. With none out and the bases loaded in the fifth inning, Fred Lynn dribbled a grounder back to the mound that was turned into a 1-2-3 double play. New York Manager Billy Martin could not have wished for a more fortunate turn of events—unless it was what happened to the next batter, Carl Yastrzemski. He hit a sizzler through the box that Figueroa blocked with his right thigh. What seemed sure to be a two-run single was thereby turned into a groundout. After that, it hardly mattered that the Red Sox won the getaway game 7-3.

continued



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In Toronto the week had begun innocuously enough. Jim Palmer overpowered the Blue Jays 6-3 on Monday night, and on Wednesday evening the Orioles swept a doubleheader. Then came the Ides. Weaver, who is certain to win another Manager of the Year award, claimed that the tarp, which was put over the Jays' bullpen mound in the fifth inning, was a hazard to his fielders. When Springstead disagreed, Weaver pulled his team off the field—and was hit with the ninth forfeit in baseball history.

Aside from whatever concern he may have had for his players' safety, Weaver had figured that his best shot at winning the game was to finish it on another date. "We might not have gotten to bat again, it was raining so hard," he said the next day. "Their pitcher [Jim Clancy] was throwing BBs and the wind was blowing in at 30 miles per hour." Weaver was also well aware that his series against Boston would begin in 24 hours and that he faced Toronto's 11 p.m. airport curfew, after which teams must bus to Ni-

agara Falls, N.Y. and fly out from there. Weaver later admitted he did not think he would win his appeal for a reversal of the forfeit. "A chance is all we've got," he said, "but it's a better chance than we had of winning last night. Who knows? Maybe Marty Springstead'll win us a pennant."

On Friday the Yankees were in Detroit, where Martin said of the Orioles-Sox series starting that night, "Maybe they'll knock each other out." Boston did no knocking of Palmer, who blew the Red Sox down 6-1, and made it appear for a moment as if the Orioles could suddenly make up the two games by which they trailed New York in the loss column. Baltimore's hopes were based on the score from Detroit, where the Yankees were trailing, and on the possibility of American League President Lee MacPhail's overruling the forfeit. But the Yanks rallied to win 5-4 when Rivers' replacement, Paul Blair, homered in the eighth inning. The next day MacPhail upheld the forfeit.

On Saturday, the Red Sox, like Nelson Rockefeller, chose to announce their resignation from the race on national television. While Boston failed to score any of the five runners it had in the first six innings against Dennis Martinez (14-7), the Orioles, led by rookie Eddie Murray's four hits, pounded to a huge lead and coasted to an 11-2 victory. Unfortunately for Baltimore, the Yanks also had a lot of clout. Kingman homered in his second at bat in pinstripes. Thurman Munson hit a homer. Jackson belted out two, and the Yankees rolled by a 9-4 score. "It's not just a matter of us winning," said Mark Belanger, the leader of this surprising Baltimore club. "It's also a matter of time. We've lost one game in a week and lost ground—not in the standings, but on the clock."

The next day the Orioles also dropped one in the standings, falling 10-4 to the Sox, while the Yanks survived a five-run ninth-inning Tiger rally to win 6-5.

But Weaver is not conceding anything. In fact, he has the finish of the race all fig-

continued



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ured out. The Miracle Orioles are in first place by a game over the Yankees going into the ninth inning of the last game of the season in Boston. They are ahead 6-3, but during an involved inning that Weaver describes in a Red Barber voice, the Red Sox get two on with two out and Jim Rice at bat. Palmer, trailing 3-1 in the count, delivers. "There's a long drive to left center," announces Weaver. "It looks like a homer... but no, it hits two inches below the screen. It bounces over Maddox' head and back toward center field. Doyle scores. Yastrzemski scores. Dommel comes over to back up Maddox and picks up the ball... AND HERE COMES RICE FOR THE PLATE! Dommel throws to Belanger... Belanger wheels and fires to the plate... Skaggs dives for Rice. HE'S OUT!"

"Only, Springfield is the umpire, and he says, 'Too.' I say, 'Too what?' And he answers, 'Too close to call. I gotta phone MacPhail.'"

THE WEEK

Sept. 11-17
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST

In a week that was filled with superb relief performances, the Phillies (5-2) got the biggest benefits from their bullpen. Relievers Gene Garber, Ron Reed, Tug McGraw and rookie Warren Brusstar worked 17½ innings, allowing eight hits and no runs. Brusstar won twice, while Garber got his 14th save and Reed picked up his 14th and 15th. Larry Christenson (16-6) was a two-time winner, he now has 12 victories in his last 13 decisions. Greg Luzinski's 36th homer and five RBIs gave him nine homers and 28 runs knocked in against the Cardinals this season.

Three saves by Rich Gossage, who has 23 at all, kept Pittsburgh (4-3) going. He preserved a 2-0 victory over Philadelphia for Jim Rooker. Another of his saves came during a 4-3 defeat of St. Louis in which John Candelaria (17-5) got the win. Frank Taveras' 64th steal broke the Pirate record set in 1916 by Max Carey.

Relievers also came to the rescue for St. Louis (3-4). Rookie Ike Sutton won twice, Rawly Earlick chalked up his 10th save, and Pete Falcone preserved a 3-1 win over the Cubs for Bob Forsch (17-46).

For Montreal (4-3), Bill Atkinson and Will McEnaney came out of the bullpen to earn wins, and Don Stanhouse got his ninth save when he pitched a 5-0 win over Pittsburgh for newcomer Dan Schatzeder.

Skip Lockwood of the Mets (4-4) recorded his 20th save. One pitcher who needed no bailing out was Nino Espinosa, who drove in the game's only run and outdueled Steve Carlton of the Phillies 1-0.

Chicago (2-6) won twice in New York with eighth-inning rallies. First came the conclusion of a game suspended because of the July 13 blackout. The Cubs triumphed 5-2 despite 13 strikeouts by Jerry Kosman. Wilke Hernandez was a 4-3 winner the next day as he hurled 2½ innings of hatless relief.

PHIL 93-55 PITT 85-66 CHIC 77-71
ST. L 77-72 MONT 69-78 NY 50-90

NL WEST

At a time of the season when players do their utmost to boost their statistics, no one is getting better numbers than Reggie Smith of Los Angeles (4-3), who signed a four-year contract for seven figures. Off-season surgery on a torn rotator cuff in his left shoulder helped transform him into an MVP candidate. Smith, who walked his 29th home run, has batted .363 in his last 31 games. Steve Garvey, a .444 hitter last week, socked his 30th home run, while Ron Cey hit his 29th and Dusty Baker his 26th and 27th.

Johnny Bench of Cincinnati (15-2) drove in two runs during a 6-2 triumph over Los Angeles, giving him 100 RBIs for the sixth season. Tom Seaver's 3-2 defeat of the Dodgers was his 200th career victory. The Reds took a third game from the Dodgers, 9-8.

Cincinnati, however, was unable to defeat Houston (4-3), losing twice as the Astros took the season series 13-5. Cesar Cedeno and Jose Cruz homered twice and Bob Watson once, as the Astros subdued the Reds 7-2 behind the pitching of J. R. Richard. In a 13-4 drubbing of the Reds the next day, Watson hit his 17th homer. Watson rounded out his 12-RBI and 423-hitting week with homers during 6-3 and 11-0 wins in San Francisco. Richard (16-11) pitched the shutout, allowing only three hits and striking out 10.

A run-producing single in the eighth by Rob Andrews gave San Francisco (3-4) a 2-1 win over Houston. Ed Halicki (14-10) won that one with the aid of Gary Lavelle, who got his 19th save.

Gene Richards of San Diego (2-5) finished off Houston 4-3 with a single in the 10th. Richards also batted .484 and stole three bases to raise his total to 48, one short of the modern record for a rookie held by Sonny Jackson of the 1966 Astros.

Catchers were productive for Atlanta (3-4). Briff Puccio hit a two-run homer as Phil Niekro defeated San Francisco 3-1, and newcomer Dale Murphy topped two home runs, one a tie-breaker in the 10th, to carry the Braves past the Padres 8-7.

LA 91-58 CIN 80-70 HOU 75-74
SF 68-82 SD 65-86 ATL 56-93

AL WEST Manager Whitey Herzog would not take credit for the Royals' 16-game winning streak, the longest in the majors since the 1953 Yankees won 18 in a row. But Herzog did feel he had been instrumental in Kansas City's best previous sport, 11 consecutive victories in 1959. Said Herzog, who was on the disabled list then, "They couldn't have done it with me." With or without Herzog, the Royals (5-1) lengthened their division lead to 11 games.

Devastating floods prevented the Royals from playing at home for two days. During the rains, George Brett went to see a performance by Morgana, the stripper who recently dashed on the field to give him a kiss. While there, Brett reciprocated, clambering on stage to buss her. Amos Otis was up to more laudable pursuits, housing eight boys stranded by the flood. Otis fed the kids, bedded them down in his apartment, phoned their parents and drove each home the next day. After the floodwaters receded, the Royals won successive doubleheaders from the A's. Two of the wins went to 17-game winners Jim Colborn, who prevailed 5-2, and Dennis Leonard, who was a 6-0 victor. Hal McKee batted .419 and hit his 50th and 51st doubles, the most by an American Leaguer since George Kell had 56 in 1950.

A squeeze bunt, superlative relief work and a couple of Ellies boosted Texas (4-3) into second place. A successful squeeze play by Ben Crompton in the 17th inning gave the Rangers a 5-4 win over the Twins. Len Barker pitched 9½ innings of scoreless relief to pick up the victory. Barker also saved a 3-2 win over the Angels for Dock Ellis. Another Ellis, Johnny, homered as Doyle Alexander (15-10) held off California 2-1 on a three-hitter. Although a loser, Gaylord Perry bumped Cy Young out of fourth place on the all-time strikeout list with his 2,820th whiff.

By hitting his 29th and 30th home runs, Oscar Gamble of Chicago (3-5) set a club record for left-handed batters. Chris Knapp (11-7) beat the Angels 6-2, striking out 13 and giving up just three hits.

Dave Goltz of Minnesota (3-4) kept alive his hopes of becoming a 20-game winner by blanking Chicago 7-0 for his 18th triumph. Rod Carew raised his batting average to .383 with a .469 win and had two RBIs as Reliever Tom Johnson won for the 16th time.

Dave Kingman highlighted his brief stay with the Angels (4-4) by smashing a pair of homers during a 12-7 crumpling of the Rangers. Dave LaRoche and Bobby Bonds twice collaborated to stop the White Sox. Bonds walked, stole second and scored the decisive run in the eighth on a double by Mario Guerrero to defeat Chicago 5-4. LaRoche notched his 15th save on that game and got his 16th after Bonds drove in the tie-breaking run in the top of the ninth in a 4-3 win in Chicago.

The A's suffered more trauma. Owner Charlie Finley underwent heart surgery. AF-continued



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ter turbulent weather grounded a team flight in Salina, Kans., a number of players had to drive 175 miles to Kansas City. It was all part of a 2-3 week that left Oakland just one game in front of last-place Seattle.

The Mariners (2-3) closed in on the A's with the help of former Oakland Pitcher Doc Medich, who was picked up on waivers and stopped K.C.'s winning streak 4-1.

KC 92-55 TEX 81-66 CHC 81-67 MIN 80-69
CAL 71-75 OAK 57-89 SEA 58-92

AL EAST

While the Yankees, Orioles and Red Sox scrambled for first place (page 62), the rest of the teams struggled to achieve lesser goals. The modest objective of the Indians (2-4) at the start of the season was to play .500 ball, but for the eighth time in nine years, they will fall short of that. Picking up the Cleveland victories were Wayne Garland (11-18), who beat Detroit 8-1, and Dennis Eckersley (14-12), who defeated Toronto 6-3.

Jason Thompson became the first Tiger since Willie Horton in 1966 to drive in 100 runs as Detroit (2-4) beat the Indians 5-3 to end a six-game losing streak. Ben Oglivie, whose name is being spelled correctly more often now that he is hitting well, had four hits in that game, including his 19th homer. Later that night the Tigers reached a milestone of sorts when they completed their first doubleheader sweep of the season by edging Cleveland 2-1 in 10 innings.

On Fan Appreciation Night the Brewers (3-2) wanted to give a crowd of 10,718 something to savor. They did, clobbering the A's 8-1 as Sixto Lezcano hit his 14th home run and rookie Lary Sorensen stranded 10 runners en route to his sixth victory. Robin Yount

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CESAR CEDENO: The Houston outfielder hit three homers, scored nine times, had six RBIs, stole his 52nd base, stretched his hitting streak to 20 games and batted .469 to raise his average, which was .179 on June 24, to .265.

doubled his season homer output in two days against Seattle, hitting his third as the Brewers won 6-5 and his fourth as they came out on top 8-5. Don Money's 24th home run in the 10th inning settled the first of those games.

Tom Murphy of Toronto (3-5) began and ended the week with strong pitching performances. In his first start since 1973, Murphy emerged a 6-4 winner against New York. Back in the bullpen at week's end, Murphy preserved a 6-5 victory over Cleveland for Dave Lemanczyk (12-14). In that game Toronto had six doubles, three by Doug Rader.

NY 92-57 BAL 89-59 BOS 87-61 DET 89-80
CLEV 67-82 MIL 83-88 TOR 50-57

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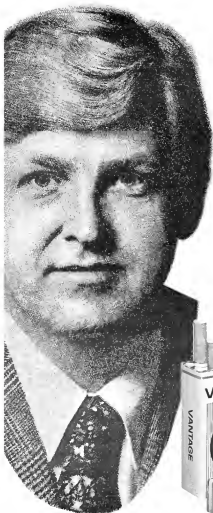
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She double-crossed the Channel

Canadian Cindy Nicholas, swimming the English Channel for the fourth and fifth times, has smashed the record for a two-way crossing by a whopping 10 hours

Over a fortnight ago Cindy Nicholas, a 20-year-old University of Toronto chemistry and biology major from Scarborough, Ontario, beat the English Channel as it has never been beaten before, swimming it both ways and knocking a staggering 10 hours and five minutes off the record. One hundred and eighty people, including Nicholas, have now swum the Channel but only five have achieved the double, all of the others men.

Nicholas, a sturdy 5' 5", 140 pounds, had already swum the Channel three times, setting the existing women's record of nine hours and 46 minutes when she was 17, and crossing it twice more,

last year, within a space of 11 days.

The route to the Dover Straits from the Agincourt Aquatic Club of Scarborough was a logical progression. "I was swimming competitively at 5½," she says, "mostly instigated by my father, James Nicholas, who was a swimmer himself. Of course," she adds, raising her light voice so that her father doesn't miss it, "he wasn't as good as I am."

Cindy Nicholas continued swimming competitively, mostly the 100 and 200 butterfly, backstroke and freestyle, until she was 15, setting many Ontario and Canadian age-group records. "I was always a little better in the long distances, however, and, ultimately, competitive swimming doesn't offer that. I decided to swim Lake Ontario in 1974 and turned out to be the only person to succeed that year. The Channel was the natural follow-up. If you're to be considered a marathon swimmer as such, you swim the English Channel."

Timing is a crucial element in any Channel swim. Usually it can best be crossed in August, though periods in July and September may do, and on fewer than half a dozen days in those months, when the Channel is in the neap-tide stage. Neap tides occur when the moon is in its first or third quarter and the gravitational pulls on the earth by the sun and moon are at right angles to each other, thereby reducing tidal flow.

High tides come 12½ hours apart, and it is believed that an hour after high water is the optimum time to begin a Channel crossing. Even so, the tide sweeps through the Channel at 5 to 7 mph, while the best speed a swimmer can hope for is about 2½ mph. "So it doesn't do any

good to talk about how wide the Channel is," Nicholas says. "The tides won't let you swim straight across."

Cindy and her parents arrived in Folkestone in August this year, planning to catch the first tides, from Aug. 21 to Aug. 26, but the weather was bad and they had to wait. On Sept. 7 the winds were blowing through the Channel like a freight train, but the tides were right and at 7:50 a.m. she entered the water from Shakespeare Beach and started across the Dover Straits, about 21 miles at their narrowest point, for Cap Gris-Nez. She completed the crossing in eight hours and 58 minutes, two minutes off the England-France one-way record, and as soon as she had cleared the water to French soil she turned around and headed back for England—the Channel Swimming Association no longer allows those attempting a double a 10-minute rest. She emerged from the water at 3:45 a.m., 19 hours and 55 minutes after she had entered it, coming out again at Shakespeare Beach, "maybe 10 yards from where I started. It is very unusual to come out so close." Not until the official observer reached her did Nicholas learn she had smashed the record for the two-way crossing set by Jon Erikson of Chicago in 1975.

She was seemingly less surprised to hear she had beaten that record by more than 10 hours than she had been at Gris-Nez to learn she had missed the record for the single crossing. "The tides were good," she says. "I was swimming 88 to 90 strokes a minute, and knew I was close to the record, so I speeded up to 92 at the end. Then, when I learned I'd missed it, I knew I'd have to go back."

Asked to what extent the tides might have contributed to her record, Nicholas said cheerfully but firmly that indeed, the tides had been very good, "but to be able to swim the Channel at all in under 10 hours, you have to be a very quick swimmer. And this year at points it felt more like a sprint to me."

Nicholas sounded almost blasé about her feat. "I don't mean to sound as if it was nothing," she says. "Nineteen hours of anything, even staying awake, is very difficult. But for what it was, it wasn't as difficult as I had thought. Of course, I had done it three times, so there were no surprises. I knew about the garbage, seaweed, jellyfish, the darkness and the

continued

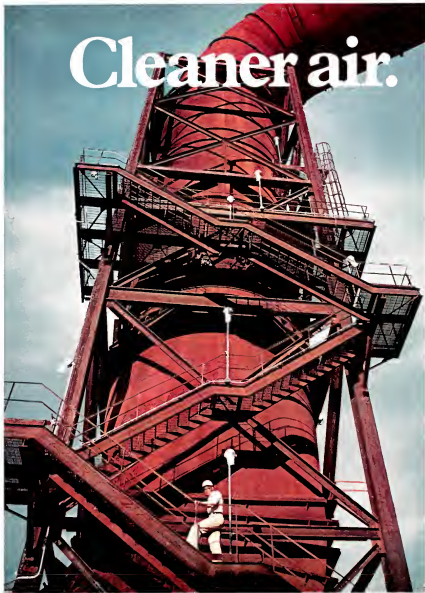




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ocean liners that pretty well run you over. So I just plowed right through the seaweed, and there were no jellyfish.

"Last year when I swam it, I literally crawled over jellyfish and was stung so badly I couldn't raise my arm properly for four days. This time it was overcast, and they were down two feet or so. The only difficult part this time was when I landed on the rocks at Cap Gris-Nez. I wasted a lot of energy trying to get away."

For seven or eight minutes she was battered against those rocks as she tried to break free of the shoreline. When she finally got under way again, she realized she was bleeding from cuts on her legs, but all she could do was to rub in a handful of Vaseline from a tube her parents tossed her from the pilot boat. Cut and bruised, she crawled out of the Channel on her hands and knees over the rocks of Shakespeare Beach, under the startled gaze of three British Railway workmen, the only ones there to meet her.

When Gertrude Ederle returned to her native New York in 1926, after becoming the first woman to swim the Channel, Mayor James J. Walker likened her achievement, with more enthusiasm than felicity, to Moses' crossing of the Red Sea. She also was given a ticker-tape parade before multitudes of cheering New Yorkers. After her swim, Cindy Nicholas got four hours to herself, during which time she fainted and sprained her wrist, having stood up too quickly from a rest and a hot bath. She then had to deal with the world press for 16 straight hours. "Those 16 hours were harder for me than the swim," she says.

Back home in Canada, Toronto greeted her with what was billed as a ticker-tape parade, but a steady drizzle held the crowd down to about 50, and the ticker tape never materialized. She did get a personal letter from Prime Minister Trudeau and while still in England got an invitation to meet the Queen.

She could not accept the latter, as she would have had to go home to register for school, return and go home again, and it had already cost the Nicholas family some \$7,000 to get to and swim the English Channel. But Queen Elizabeth will be in Ottawa next month, and Cindy has been invited to meet her at a luncheon. "I know she sees millions of people, but the Queen is... there's so much protocol, and, well, I feel it to be an honor."

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Here's mud in your eye!

With his fourth victory in as many years in the Woodward Stakes, Forego was once more the toast of the turf, silencing those who claimed he was all washed up

There was more than a quarter mile remaining in the \$175,000 Woodward Handicap at Belmont Park last Saturday when Forego swept into view. He was moving, as he usually does, on the far outside, and his huge body was covered by a blanket of goo. The bandages on his ankles were barely visible, but his proud head was high, his ears were pricked. Forego has a marvelous capacity for the dramatic, loping as he does past a pack of handicappers moving hell-bent into the homestretch. Usually he wins or loses his big races by inches, and he seldom displays a killer instinct—he moves too easily. But this Woodward (Forego now has won the last four) was different. He thundered by his nine rivals in midstretch and had the crowd on its feet applauding through the last 16th.

Forego is Forego again, and what racing fan can ask for anything more? The 7-year-old gelding had lost three straight and there had been talk that perhaps it was time to retire him. But now he stands just \$76,043 shy of becoming the first thoroughbred to earn \$2 million and only

a string of defeats can prevent him from becoming Horse of the Year for the fourth time. In his last two Woodwards Forego has carried a stunning total of 365 pounds more than his opposition.

"This little horse," said Jockey Willie Shoemaker, "has a heart as wide as a highway." He paused. "I don't know why I said little horse. Lord knows he isn't little. Fact is, he's enormous."

"Raders rarely know how the public feels about a racehorse, but with Forego I've seen and heard things I never have before. In May he came out for his first race of the year at Belmont, and there was no betting allowed at the track that day because of a morose clerks' strike. But 7,500 people—which is a lot when no betting is allowed—showed up. It seemed everyone was down by the walking ring before the race looking at Forego. As I walked from the jockeys' room to the paddock, fans started to applaud me. There weren't any boos or wisecracks as there often are. When I got up on the horse and we walked around, the clapping was tremendous."

Shoemaker believes the fans appreciate Forego even more because he is not a sound horse and every race might be his last. The son of Forli did not fully mature until late in his 3-year-old season and since then has been bothered by such ailments as splints, suspensory trouble and swollen ankles. He runs on one good leg, his left hand.

"Racegoers just seem to want to say thanks for all the great races he's given them," Shoemaker said. "You know, a jockey often gets on an airplane with a satchel and a whip and flies all night and rides in a race that's over in little more than a minute. You look at a replay on television, then you take the bag and the whip, get on an airplane and go back to wherever you came from. But with Forego, it's different."

Until an hour before last week's race it seemed that Shoemaker had made his latest journey from the West Coast for naught—that Forego would not start. The track was a lake of slop and in his previous race, the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga, Forego had been an embarrassing seventh on a heavy track. Cynics suggested that Trainer Frank Whiteley had started Forego figuring he would not be able to handle the track and that a poor performance might lighten the lead in the saddlebags the next time out. "The mud at Saratoga is different from the mud at Belmont," said Whiteley. "We all know

continued

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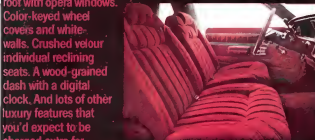
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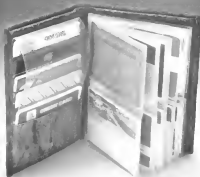
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HORSE RACING continued

that " And as things turned out, Whiteley was right.

The handicapper assigned 133 pounds to Forego for the Woodward, which was three pounds less. But Whiteley and Martha Gerry, Forego's owner, were obviously far from happy when it rained heavily on the eve of the stake. The downpour stopped about noon on race day and the Forego camp hoped for a hot sun to dry out the track. By the fifth race it was evident that the surface was not fast improving. Shoemaker rode in the fifth and reported that, in his opinion, the track was too slippery for the big gelding.

But Forego had trained splendidly for the Woodward and scratching him was not going to be an easy decision. "He's never been better," Mrs. Gerry said, "and if we don't go today we have to wait two more weeks before he can run [in the \$250,000 Marlboro Cup]. That isn't fair to the horse." At almost the last conceivable moment—horses must be withdrawn at least 45 minutes before post time—the decision to start was made.

The field that opposed Forego had won 21 stakes while Forego had accounted for 23, but there were some quality entries, including J. O. Tobin, the 3-year-old who had dealt Seattle Slew his only defeat. Forego dawdled at the start, as he normally does, but began gathering speed after six furlongs of the 1 1/4-mile race. At this point, Cinteolo, a mud-lover, was on the lead along with J. O. Tobin. J. O., however, was climbing and never managed to get hold of the track, finishing fifth. Cinteolo maintained his position until the top of the stretch, when he dropped back to fourth as Silver Series moved into second and Great Contractor closed to be third. But Forego's move was a crunching run, devastating the opposition. He was pulled up at the finish line and was 1 1/2 lengths ahead.

On Oct. 1 Forego will run again at Belmont in the Marlboro, and a victory in that race will push him over \$2 million. He has now been favored in 27 straight races, but trivia buffs may be more interested in another statistic: in his last 13 stakes races Forego has conceded a total of 2,057 pounds to his opponents.

Those who saw his latest show of strength came away wondering just how much weight he will pick up when he goes after the money mark. He has won carrying 131 pounds, 132 (twice), 133 (twice), 134 (three times), 135, 136 and 137. How high can up be?

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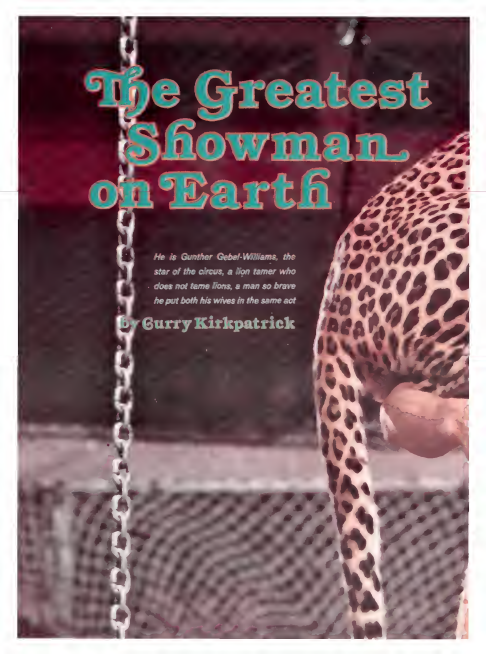
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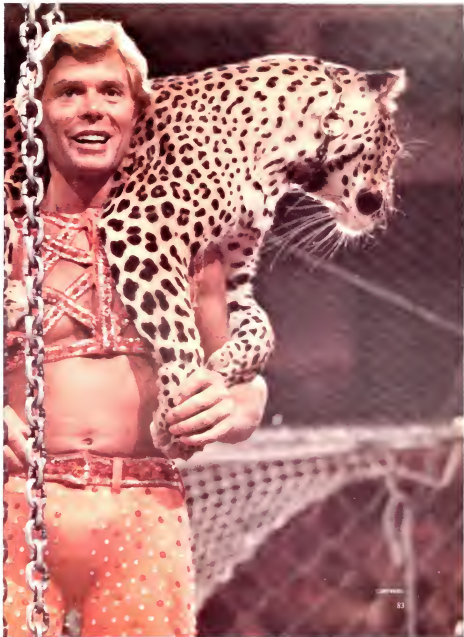




The Greatest Showman on Earth

He is Gunther Gebel-Williams, the star of the circus, a lion tamer who does not tame lions, a man so brave he put both his wives in the same act

By Gurry Kirkpatrick



In order to clear the air right away, it should be understood that the one thing Gunther Gebel-Williams, the famous lion tamer, is not, is a lion tamer. As a matter of fact, Clyde Beatty, the late and irate lion tamer, was not a lion tamer, either. "The only man I ever heard of who could tame a lion was Daniel," Beatty used to say, "and he had Divine Intervention." Old Clyde, he knew his Bible. At least Beatty put a pride of lions in there with him in the cage. But those were lions he had trained. Not tamed. There is a difference. You could have looked it up. Right there on Clyde's arms, both of which had to be sewn back together a few hundred times.

In truth, lions are fairly cheery customers in an animal trainer's top 10. A group animal with hardly a mind of its own—thus comparatively easy to teach—lions cost about \$200 to \$250 apiece.

"A lion is all a big show—'rrrrr, grrrrr,' then nothing," says Gunther Gebel-Williams. "When peoples watch me, I want to make it look easy. A lion person has to make noise. Absolute."

The rush a man gets, then, from training a cheap, unchic, out-of-date noisy lion can't exactly equal going over Niagara Falls on a skateboard. So when you hear an interviewer, who has not bothered to catch his act, ask Gebel-Williams, "What do you feed your lions?" or when you see the ladies go ga-ga over Gebel-Williams' dashing matinee-idol looks and shout, "Look, there's the blond lion guy," remember they've got it all wrong. Also, they are probably insulting the man.

Gunther Gebel-Williams training a lion would be the same thing as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar taking a two-hand set shot. Superfluous, to say the least. The other day Gebel-Williams was heard to mutter, jokingly, "I got to get some goddam lions so when they call me goddam lion tamer, at least I look like goddam lion tamer."

Being slow afoot, bulky and not all that bright, the lord of the jungle would change the pace and alter the style of Gebel-Williams' show. This performance, which you may have seen or heard about if you are among the 10 million or so Americans who went to a circus in the past year, includes GG-W's amazing multiple tiger act, his incredible leopard, panther and puma act, the unbelievable elephant, tiger and horse mixed routine he conceived and now entrusts to an assistant, and the stupendo-fabuloso-socko, stop-the-world-I-want-to-get-on-number-in-which Gebel-Williams bounds across three rings barking commands while combinations of 18 various size elephants stand up, sit down, run around in circles, dance on tubs, play on teeterboards, roll over and balance on their heads, lift, carry and bounce their master on their backs to ultimately consummate the

107th edition of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. The Greatest Show on Earth.

"With this I need lions!" Gunther Gebel-Williams says.

In recent history the circus has produced a mere handful of names that endure. Clyde Beatty, himself, of the whip and chair and crackling pistol Emmett Kelly: sad clown, hobo of our dreams. The Wallendas: tragic, star-crossed flyers. And now a golden-maned hero, Gunther Gebel-Williams will be a star forever.

Everyone in the circus predicts this. In his nine years of performing in the U.S., this slightly built Teuton has shown enough to be called the most exciting, charismatic and versatile performer the circus has ever known. Irvin Feld, the president of Ringling Bros., says Gebel-Williams is "a mind-boggling human being." Kenneth Feld, who co-produces the circus with his father, says, "We shall never see his like again." And Lou Jacobs, the grizzled old clown who himself came over from Germany more than 50 years ago and was the first circus performer to be honored on a U.S. postage stamp, says, "This guy, Goonter, he is the next stamp."

If it were put to a vote of circus people, GG-W would replace the American eagle on the 13¢ stamp. In jeans and work shirt, he pounds stakes and lifts canvas, toiling with his 30-man work crew as they raise the animal tents. He feeds his cats, rakes hay for the horses and gives pedicures to the elephants. A workaholic, GG-W is up at 8 a.m. with "the guys," as he calls his four-legged friends, and he puts them to bed at night. The man even shovels the manure (calling to mind the story of the circus dung-remover who, when asked why he didn't find a better job, replied, "What? And leave show biz?"). Then Gunther Gebel-Williams cleans himself up, whips on his spangled vests and skintight pants and sprints inside to the three rings to flash his teeth and captivate another audience.

It could be argued that Gebel-Williams helped save the circus. Or, rather, that Irvin Feld, who discovered and rescued the animal trainer from mere European immortality as the leading act of Germany's famed Circus Williams, enabled Gebel-Williams to help save it.

In the late '50s, when John Ringling North was employing 2,000 people, losing tons of money and contemplating folding his tents for the final time, Feld showed him he could survive by putting the circus in the huge new sports complexes going up in urban America. A Washington, D.C.-based circus buff and rock 'n' roll entrepreneur who first presented Chubby Checker and the Everly Brothers in concert, Feld had the arena contacts. North agreed to let him handle the bookings. In time North lost interest in the business. Feld, snapping a wad fashioned partly out of *Let's Twist Again* and *Wake Up, Little Sassy*, bought him out in

1967, closing the deal in a terrific ceremony and flying to Rome to pose for pictures in the Colosseum.

So it was Feld who actually saved the circus. A free spender and innovator, he raised salaries, got rid of the side-show freaks and founded a clown college to inject new blood into the grizzled ranks of circus funnymen. "We know our clowns can fall down," he said, alluding to their median age, "but do we know if they can get back up again?"

Feld also introduced what he called "democracy in the sawdust" by striking the words "center ring" from circus parlance. There were only Rings One, Two and Three, so performers could not demand contracts with "center ring only" and "I finish alone" clauses.

Feld also realized that Ringling Bros. needed a new personality, someone of enough magnitude to lead a second unit of the circus that would work the country concurrently with the first unit. This was another unheard-of proposition, which veteran circus hands knew could not work. There just weren't enough animals, acrobats and Bulgarian maniacs to staff two circuses.

But Feld remembered the Circus Williams—he had seen it for the first time in Cologne in 1965—and he especially remembered the magnetic animal trainer with shimmering star quality who virtually was the Circus Williams, and who had become so involved with it that he had taken its name

and made it part of his own. In early 1968, accompanied by a translator, Feld stepped gingerly over some wooden planks in a muddy lot in Salerno and introduced himself to Gunther Gebel-Williams.

Six months and four transatlantic trips later, Feld was rewarded. He had to fork over an estimated \$2 million and buy up the entire Circus Williams, but by so doing, Ringling Bros. had its new star.

Since that time Gebel-Williams has shaved off the beard he had then and let his hair grow and also, as his fellow troupers kid him, radically changed its color. In America he learned to speak English, added some sex appeal to his act—not to mention eight zillion different animals and tricks—and, with each succeeding season, spurred the circus to new attendance records.

While no one in particular is depicted on the poster of the Ringling Bros. "blue unit," Gebel-Williams' likeness dominates the "red unit" poster. His photograph is all over the souvenir program, on buttons, pennants, postcards and beer trays. He is a doll, in rubber and on a stick. People phone up to ask if the circus group appearing in town that week is "the one with the elephant man."

Feld has insured GG-W's life for \$2 million. He has been interviewed by Johnny, Merv, Mike and Barbara Howar. During the coming Thanksgiving season he will co-host his own hour-long TV special with Tony Curtis.

The circus runs for two hours and 50 minutes. Gebel-Williams appears seven times for a grand total of 43 minutes. He works two and sometimes three shows a day, six days a week, about 48 weeks a year in some 90 cities coast to coast. At age 43 and winding up his ninth season, Gebel-Williams is approaching his 5,000th performance with Ringling Bros. For his effort, he has received the Ernst Renke-Pluskett Award, the circus Oscar, an unprecedented three times.

"I could leave all this," he says, "for truck driver, for test pilot, for anything else. Absolute. As long as I love my life, it's not a job. But I am here now. In this life I never know what is happening next. Big mystery. My life is peoples and animals. I love my life. Absolute."

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continued



Gunther eschews tokism in favor of control. His well-trained tigers look like so many sleek, complacent tabbies

The Great Gunther continued



Family man Gunther with wife Sigrid, son Buffy, stepdaughter Tina

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Kit Haskett, a young Rollins College graduate who briefly dug ditches before becoming a circus ringmaster, says Irvin Feld coached him for an hour and a half on most of the ringmaster announcements; the Gunther Gebel-Williams opener was not one of them. "I had seen his act and I got the announcement perfect first time out," says Haskett. "It just came naturally."

After just one observance of Gebel-Williams' performance it is difficult not to remember the man, or even say his name, in anything but the pear-shaped tones and drawn-out final syllables with which Haskett adorns his intros.

That GG-W would be so flamboyantly heralded could

hardly have been foretold from his background. In contrast to many of his fellow performers, his parents were not circus people. He was born Gunther Gebel in 1934 in Schweidnitz (now part of Poland), the son of a theatrical set designer whom he wasn't particularly close to during the few years they lived together. "My father never care what I am doing," Gebel-Williams recalls. In 1944 the elder Gebel was captured by the Russians and disappeared. Up to that time, Gunther says, his life "was very rough. Never time to sit or sleep or go to play. Never football. Never friends. Work all the time. Absolute no fun."

After the war he discovered the circus. He convinced his mother she should answer an advertisement asking for a seamstress to travel with the Circus Williams. When she did, the 12-year-old Gunther became involved with acrobatics and horses, specializing in bareback and Roman post riding, in which the performer straddles two galloping horses. After a while Mrs. Gebel left the circus, but Gunther stayed; the owners, Harry and Carola Williams, took him in as their own and began teaching him to become an animal trainer. "At first I did not like it at all," he says. "So much work. So slow. I thought I would never get finished." As it turned out, he never has.

When Gunther was 16 a tragedy occurred of the type that seems to plague circus families. Riding in an exhibition chariot race in London, Harry Williams was thrown from his chariot and was crushed by another driven by his stepson, Haldy Barley. Gunther, who witnessed the accident, says it was "just like Ben Hur. Mr. Williams seemed like he was doing O.K. Then he go to hotel, but his mind never come back."

With the death of Williams 14 days later, his wife and various relatives took charge of the circus. But Carola was interested in little but paperwork, Barley was a cowboy-tricks performer with no organizational ability, and an assortment of aunts and uncles were operating their own shows, notably the esteemed Circus Althoff. In his mid-teens Gunther Gebel suddenly was thrust into what he called "being boss of everything."

As the years went by he became the chief trainer, the star act and the general manager of Circus Williams. Along the way he added the name of his foster family to his own, married the Williams' daughter, Jeanette, and became the most renowned circus performer on the Continent. In 1956, while in Sweden, he started training elephants. In 1963, while in Italy, he added tigers to his repertoire. He even combined those two natural enemies in the same act, breaking a law of the jungle.

"Handlers in Europe were no good workers," Gebel-Williams says. "I was only peoples there who work 12 months a year. No time for bars or dancing or playing around. I worked. Absolute. I hear about Clyde Beatty in America being great with lots of noise and rough stuff. Amazing, tough fellow. But I watched horse trainers in Europe. Elegant, you know? Big cigar, hat, long coat, umm, umm. I try classy way like that with tigers. When I go to Italy I do 25 elephants. Twenty-five. I try training only by voice. Spread the elephants out. Make three rings and everything. Maybe go here, go there, sit down, go a little further, al-

continued



Gunther's beer-loving aide, Helmut (Peeck) Schöbner, breaks up Buffy



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The star backstage: cleaning Nellie's naris

ways talking to elephants. Unbelievably hard because elephants so smart. They know when I am far away, they can fool around and not get smacked. So I come back and smack. Then I give elephants the carrots."

Back then Gebel-Williams was aided by three men who remain with him to this day: Ben Salem (Papa Ben) Said, 68, a former Algerian acrobat who looks like George Raft impersonating Anwar Sadat and who taught the boss bareback stunts when he was 14; Helmut Schlöcker, a balding dwarf who goes by the name of Piccolo and who reportedly has consumed more beer per square inch of himself than any sane human in the history of the Rhineland; and Henry Schroer, a scion of the Althoff family and a nephew of Carola Williams, who was born in a show wagon three months after Gebel-Williams joined the Circus Williams.

Schroer, 30, who as GG-W's chief assistant works the tiger-horse-unicorn act for Ringling Bros., speaks with fondness about the old tent shows. "You work the circus in Europe, you work 20, 21 hours

a day," he says. "Two and three days straight. Naps for 30 minutes. No sleep. But you love it anyway. Sometimes the mud is up to your neck. You worry about storms. The animals get sick. If you belong to a circus family, you do everything. If you not get tough, you leave crying. Gunther was the toughest one. He work like nobody else. He do the work of three men. Never stop."

By the same token, Schlöcker has always been accustomed to drinking enough for three full-size men. Never stop.

"Piccolo was my baby-sitter at first," says Schroer. "Later we cage boys used to wait next to the elephant tent and set our watches for when Piccolo got caught sleeping off an all-night drunk in the hay. When he came flying out of the tent, we knew it was 9 o'clock sharp."

Piccolo still likes to sleep in the elephants' hay, but nowadays he appears to leave the tent of his own volition. Recently, he was asked which thick, German lagers he preferred.

"Budweiser," he rasped. "Light."

As Gebel-Williams' fame spread, so did his horizons. John Ringling North was the first to approach him about transferring his animal acts to America, but the timing was wrong. "I was too young," Gunther says. "When Irvin Feld came, I was somebody."

By then he had divorced Jeanette Williams and married Sigrid Neubauer, a striking young widow and fashion model from Berlin, and he began putting together a much more hazardous combination: tigers and elephants—a three-ring Liberty horse act featuring both his present and former wives.

Loyalty to Carola Williams and to what was, in effect, his own circus contributed to Gebel-Williams' hesitancy about moving to America. "To go over the big water with all the animals to a different country with different language—I didn't understand," he says. "Who knows what goes on there?" But I was working hard all my life. Over 20 years I am working for somebody else and I am feeling, you know, for what? For nothing? Absolute. Mrs. Williams was past 60. I say to her she don't have to sign papers and sell circus, but I am thinking I want to be little bit free."

In the fall of 1968 Gebel-Williams flew to San Diego to see The Greatest Show

on Earth for the first time. He remembers noticing how fat the elephants were, how they seemed to enjoy being inside the buildings and the train cars. It was good that nobody was skinny, he thought. Everybody was well fed. When GG-W returned to Germany, Schroer remembers him sitting down and thinking for a long time. Finally he stood up and said, "It is O.K. We go."

Considering the fact that his right arm had been nearly ripped off by an angry tiger upon his return from California, that only half a dozen handlers plus his wife accompanied the 52 carnivores and pachyderms on their voyage, that the Swedish liner *Atlantic Song* took 14 days in heavy storms to reach the new world while GG-W was almost continuously seasick—considering all this, it was a miracle that on the morning the ship was berthed in New York, Gebel-Williams had recovered enough to smile resolutely and pose for pictures in the hold amid his bellowing animals while Feld choreographed a publicity picnic.

"None of us believed it would happen," says John Hermott, a performance director and veteran trainer for Ringling Bros. "But there was the picture in all the newspapers. There was the famous Gunther Gebel-Williams and there were all the animals safe and sound. Feld had done it. Noah's Ark had arrived."

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GUNTHER... GEBELL...

WILLIAMSSSS

Contrary to popular opinion, the most fearsome creature in the circus may be the darling little chimpanzee that rides a motorcycle, bangs the cymbals and scratches himself a lot. If dressing-room gossip can be relied upon, the roaring Bengals are caged because incapable of doing harm, the huge elephants gentle souls. Chimps? Chimps would just as soon tear your face apart.

"Clear the aisle, chimps coming through," a man screams in the runway, as if mass murderers are on the loose. As the chimps of Rudi and Sue Lenz make their way from the circus ring, Nan Wylder scatters to the wings like all the

other terrified showgirls. "I'd like to strangle every one of those vicious sons of bitches," she says.

While resenting the implication that his apes are anything other than cuddly cuties, Dutchman Rudi Lenz does admit that, when left to their own devices, his chimps would go right for the jugular. For example, there was the case of Wolfgang Holzmair, a lion trainer who was attacked by a chimp from another act in last year's circus. "Wolfgang, he cover up in fetal position until help come," Lenz says. "Wolfgang know from experience. Wolfgang tangle with little chimp in Austria several years ago. Little chimp put Wolfgang in hospital for a month." If nothing else, this helps put to rest the canard that circus animals are sedated or otherwise tampered with to make them more tractable.

Cleveland Amory, talking with Barbara Howard last spring on CBS's *Who's Who*, zeroed in on Gebel-Williams by suggesting that his charges had been so domesticated that they were little more than house pets. And were unhappy, besides. But the image of Gebel-Williams feeding his elephants Valium-flavored peanuts and/or lacing his cuts' steaks with Librium is preposterous. There is no way a dopehead animal could be taught as well as an alert one, to say nothing of being able to perform the astounding tricks Gebel-Williams' pupils do. And certainly no evidence exists that the animals were tranquilized on those occasions when they smashed the 5' 7½", 135-pound Gebel-Williams against walls, trampled him, gnawed at his flesh and clawed him to the tune of more than 200 stitches on his arms alone. If GG-W didn't abhor doctors and hospitals, if his macho style did not make him pretend he was perfectly O.K. when he could barely move without excruciating pain, Gebel-Williams would lead the league in emergency-room appearances.

"These ones from tigers, these ones leopards, these ones zebras," Gebel-Williams says, pointing out the jagged tracks up and down one arm. This was just before a week in late July when he slipped off an elephant, dislocating a thumb, then moved too close to the tigers during their roll-over number, whereupon he got numerous wicked slashes around an elbow that required 40 stitches to close. Rushed from the Los Angeles Forum to the hos-

pital and back, Gebel-Williams did not miss a performance.

"What we've got here is a wild man who knows no fear," says Feld. "This is not so good." Among other things, Feld has outlawed Gebel-Williams' dangerous Roman post riding act and limited his motorcycle trips on a sinister 1000-cc black Honda to cruises between the circus train and the arena.

Allen Bloom, a Ringling Bros. vice-president, says, "The thing is that Gunther is so good and establishes such a rapport with the animals that they become docile, and nobody believes they're real. Audiences love the threat of violence and blood, but if Beatty was still around wearing his pith helmet and firing those blanks, the humane society would lock him up. Gunther has a love affair with those cats out there and nobody appreciates it."

Dwayne Cunningham, a black clown who rides one of the elephants in the show, concurs. "We have heard all the crap about the animals," he said, "and I've often wondered what would happen if I got in that cage with those cats. But I'm not about to find out. What the man does is provide art, beauty, a personal relationship. Sure, the tigers aren't wild anymore. They're tame. Seventeen huge, roaring mothers tame. But tame only for him. Let the critics jump in that cage and see how tame they are. Those cats be on somebody's case fast."

Gebel-Williams speaks with eloquence about animal happiness. "Most animals are born in some sort of cage," he says, "whether in bushes or behind trees or in zoos or something. Their dream is not to be in jungle and live free. If tigers go out of tent and get loose, they want back in cages right away. They are lost. Absolute. Part of all animals' life should be working and training. Zoo animals have nice life but they have nothing to do but lay down and stare at peoples. And peoples stare back. Jungle animals have nothing to advance themselves. My animals have more excitement, more things to do.

"Training is beautiful thing, I think," he goes on. "When animal's brainpower enhanced, life becomes more natural, easier, more pleasant. To get inside the head of animal and communicate, that is wonderful. That is what I live for. Absolute.

continued

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"I don't mistreat my animals. I don't fake anything. Everybody have claws and teeth. Very easy to make them mad, but a mad animal doesn't want to train in a cage. If I hit them, hurting them, I lose relationship. All of our hits are light, they only hurt the animal's pride. The ASPCA has a right to look at circus and inspect us. I welcome this. If I am doing something wrong, tell me, I change it. If any other peoples handling animals bad, take it away from them. Boom. Absolute. But I don't think I do anything wrong. I give animal feeling for joy and fun."

Among the many routines Gebel-Williams performs and supervises, the mixed cuts—an act that took two years to perfect, and has been described by the ancient clown, Lou Jacobs, as "an act like an Italian dinner I never saw before"—is the most complex. It consists of leopards, pumas and panthers clambering up and over one another while balancing on parallel ropes. There is also a lot of jumping through flames and rolipoly roughhousing in the ring while Gebel-Williams shouts orders in a forceful mixture of German and English before emerging with one leopard draped over his shoulders. Gunther then swats Papa Ben Said on the head with the leopard's tail.

"I keep watching Gunther's back," says Schroer, who stands just outside the cage. "Everywhere he doesn't look, I look. He looks right, I look left. If a big cat bites his neck, it's over."

On the most basic level, animal training is endless, careful, patient repetition. "You can rush a painting maybe," says Schroer, "but animal training can't be speeded up." Or taken for granted. When a chimp screws up a group act, for example, his trainer must quickly get the offender back in sequence, or the other chimpers, angered by their compatriot's mistake, will punch his lights out.

"Each animal needs to know his place, his name, my voice, what I mean," GG-W says. "We do a trick over and over even if it takes years."

Such a trick is the magnificent teeterboard number in which an elephant rambles up, steps on one end of the board and launches Gebel-Williams from the other end into a backward somersault and up onto another elephant's back. "That move right there takes Gunther out of the realm of trainers and into the acrobats, equilibrists," says Herriott

Gebel-Williams first did the trick with an elephant named Nellie (male elephants are too aggressive for the act) breaking a piece of wood with her foot several thousand times before learning just the right amount of pressure to exert. In Baltimore earlier this season Nellie forgot herself, tromped the teeterboard extra hard and sent Gebel-Williams hurtling end over end into the rigging above the audience. "I think I am out of the building that time," he says.

The mixed act of elephant, horses and tigers, which appears slower and easier, also has had some off-days. Once a tiger slipped while mounting a horse, which moved the horse to go berserk, causing the elephant undue apprehension, not to mention a nervous tummy. Gebel-Williams says, "It took 14 days to calm everybody down."

Ladies and Gentlemen: Here's the man of the MOMENT, the man of the HOUR, the man of the YEAR. Here's GUNTHERRRRR ...

And now Gunther Gebel-Williams commands an ENTIRE herd of ELEPHANTS and HORSES by his voice ... ALONE.

The running gag around the tents used to be that the elephants and tigers were pieces of cake; it was Gunther Gebel-Williams' wives who were next to impossible to train. For several years after he came to Ringling Bros., Gebel-Williams supervised a three-ring Liberty horse act with Jeanette Williams on the left, Sigrid Gebel on the right and John Herriott and his wife in the middle. "When people asked who did the Liberties, I always said Gunther, me and our three wives," says Herriott.

Such a potentially explosive scenario seems a strangely quixotic venture for a man who has otherwise been in firm control of every facet of his life. The parties involved say the lineup was ordained elsewhere. Gebel-Williams had been betrothed to the only daughter of the Circus Williams at a time when he was its head honcho and she a clinging teenager. "It was a marriage always too pushed-in," he says today. Soon Jeanette became the foremost circus horsewoman in Europe and a valuable fixture in her husband's act. It was not unnatural that she stay on, even after they were di-

vorced, even as the circus moved to America.

When Feld signed Gebel-Williams, he wanted his kit and caboodle, too—and he also wanted Sigrid added to the horse number. "Well, just look at her," a circus veteran muses, in thrall to Sigrid's majestic beauty. "Feld's in show biz. He wasn't about to pass up that."

It must have been difficult for a non-circus novice like Sigrid to perform with the skilled Jeanette only a whip and a call away. But Sigrid says no. "I knew exactly what Jeanette was," Sigrid says. "All you need for this act is to be beautiful and smart. I qualified. She was the same, only not as good even. Sometimes she was overweight in the thighs. She couldn't stand having me in the ring. To be honest down to my heart, it was not easy for any of us. It was lonely for Jeanette. She felt like No. 3, which she was."

Though the two women are on better terms now—Jeanette has since married acrobat Elvan Bale, joined his Giant Gyro Wheel act and moved to Ringling Bros.' blue unit, and their children, Oliver (Buffy) Gebel, 7, and Pinky Bale, 8, visit in the summers—the years of togetherness surely must have been fraught with tension as the rest of the circus watched and waited for the sparks to fly.

Jeanette lived in the other half of the Gebels' railroad car, for one thing. She and Sigrid tried to upstage each other in cosuming, makeup and the like. When they spoke, it was only to address each other as "Mrs. Gebel" and "Mrs. Jeanette," the latter being Sigrid's way of refusing to acknowledge that her predecessor's maiden name was the same as her husband's adopted one.

"Compared to Europe, everything in America was a holiday for me," says Gebel-Williams. "Except for that."

Yet friends say he was not so much troubled as amused. "The wives were no problem for him," one recalls. "Gunther cracked the whip both ways. He works that incredible will. He muscles women just as he muscles animals. People and animals respond the same. They want his good word."

A Gebel-Williams performance, indeed the man's very presence, is so wired for sensuality—the flowing yellow locks, the revealing thighs, the bare chest, the smile, the charisma—that he is beguiled by adoring women from 6 to 60.

continued

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The Great Gunther continued

Even Howar, a bestselling author and habitué of the Manhattan-Washington cocktail circuit, got into the act. Her interview with GG-W on *Who's Who* sounded like the "How's your love life?" toothpaste ads. Gebel-Williams jokingly implied that he was sneaking around. Sigrid, also on the show, retorted that this was nonsense, only a fool "would trade in a Rolls-Royce for a Volkswagen."

Tabloid troopers all the way, the couple knows a good thing when they see one. "Nobody want us to say Gunther come home to mama every night," Sigrid says. "What kind of sex symbol would that be? I don't worry about groupies outside the circus. There is enough trouble with 30 beautiful showgirls inside. Well, maybe 25 beautiful ones. I think it would not be so nice to have a husband like this and nobody look at him. I want them to look. They all think he's available. He's not."

"Every year I am hiding more," says Gunther. "In car, in trailer, in train. Ladies say, 'Come home, train my cat.' I am polite and sign autograph and run away. Absolute. I talk to everybody. I have no problems with peoples. I make everybody believe my style."

Outside the big top, Gebel-Williams is a homebody. He does not go to restaurants, movies, parties. He seldom stays up late and does not smoke; an occasional Scotch and Coke is his one concession to wild living. His usual post-performance evening consists of a quiet dinner and TV in his trailer or railroad stateroom with his wife and Buffy and Tina, Sigrid's 14-year-old daughter by a previous marriage, who has blossomed into a horse trainer/elephant rider/showgirl and appears in the Ringling Bros. show no less than six times during a performance.

Though he permits himself few close friends and does not socialize with other circus performers, Gebel-Williams has a friendly greeting for everyone—trapeze artist, pie-cart cook, roustabout alike—which is to say he is the one who calls out hello first. Besides being the hardest worker and performer in the circus, he may be its most popular, too. When the Lenzes cracked up their car and house trailer last year, Gebel-Williams offered them \$7,000 in cash as well as his own dressing trailer. He said he could change

his clothes in the arena men's room.

"I wish I could think of a single incident where Gunther pulled a prima donna number," says Irvin Feld, "but I can't. People just don't believe what a fantastic, natural, honest guy he is. Gunther is a prince. He gets universal love and respect."

Peggy Williams (no relation), a famous clown who along with the other funny people of the circus calls Gebel-Williams "Goobar Gible," places him on an even higher plateau. "I've never met a person so in touch with everything in life," she says. "It is difficult to look on Goob as a star because he is such a human. He never pulls rank. He never lets anybody down. That smile on his face—the ladies will tell you he's no phony. His eyes see further than most people's eyes. Goob could do any job here; he's just the supercilious of the circus. It's an honor to know him."

"The man is ego-less," adds Jimmy Briscoe, another clown.

These sentiments are not shared by Bale, who bitterly argued with GG-W and went over to the other Ringling Bros. group. Bale's own death-defying wheel act is very special in its own right and there was his wife—the former Mrs. Gebel-Williams—to consider. In addition, another flyer named Jimmy Cavaretta once picked a fight with Gunther because he had moved his menagerie too close to Cavaretta's living quarters. The two had to be separated, but Gebel-Williams chuckles over the incident as just a passing irritation.

It is moot whether Gebel-Williams' hard-earned reputation and popularity—now established for all time—are responsible for the confidence and serenity he exhibits on and off stage, or whether it is the other way around. He says his base salary is no higher than that of a couple of other acts—probably about \$85,000 a year, exclusive of tabs for the trailer, the motorcycle and a traveling tutor for his children, all of which are picked up by the circus. After Rogie Vachon, the Los Angeles Kings' goalie who is in a six-figure bracket, watched Gebel-Williams' performance and was informed how much he was paid, the hockey player cracked, "I am embarrassed to be getting more money than that. For what this guy does, he makes pennants."

Nevertheless, Gebel-Williams seems gloriously content. He is building a large home near the Ringling Bros.' winter quarters in Venice, Fla., and he drives a Rolls-Royce. Otherwise, he eats McDonald's hamburgers and saves his money. Recently he signed a 10-year contract as both a performer and, eventually, an administrator with the circus. Friends insist Gebel-Williams is smart enough not to blow this gig, form his own show and go broke, the way Clyde Beatty did. "Gunther will be with us forever," says Feld.

Or at least until his vigor and youthfulness run out. Though he does not run jumps or lift weights, Gebel-Williams is trim and hard from the everyday labor of the circus. His doctor says he has the body of a 25-year-old. When he speaks in his charming, enthusiastic, broken English—punctuated by much jabbing, waving and jumping up and down—he gives the impression of being even younger than that.

"Look," he says. "I am always different from other peoples. Absolute. I am always working and moving and running. I never stop. I never want to miss the animals, the show, the life. Peoples come to see me. I want to give 100%. Absolute. I think I already make some history in circus. But I must keep going. More animals to do, more tricks, more fun."

Peggy Williams remembers a scene last winter when GG-W brought his family to a circus ski party in the hills of North Carolina. It was a rare appearance for him, sharing an off-day with the rest of the denizens of the big top, and Gebel-Williams made the most of it. He helped the younger ones with their equipment. He swooped past everybody on the slopes, laughing as he went.

"None of us knew he could ski," Williams recalls. "Later I asked him, 'Goob, you can handle this, too?' He got this far-away look in his eye that I had never seen. He sat in the snow and stared. Then he said, 'Yeah, yeah. Skiing is fun. I ski way back. I ski before I was a kid.'"

Right then Peggy Williams knew she had discovered the essence of Gunther Gebel-Williams. It was so easy. Most kids dream they run away to join the circus. This man, Goob, joined the circus to become a kid. And he never stopped being one. Absolute.

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A roundup of the week Sept. 12-18

95

COLLEGE FOOTBALL '77

Sir:

If your coverage can include the Southern Athletic Conference (Scouting Reports, Sept. 5), why not the Southwestern Athletic Conference? Your coverage of black college football is shameful. Why must its players wait until the NFL draft to gain recognition? Where do you think Walter Payton, L. C. Greenwood, Ernie Holmes, Harold Carmichael, Willie Lanier, Bob Brazile, Elvin Beethen, Art Shell, etc., etc., etc. came from? Surely not the Citadel. They came from Jackson State, Tennessee State, Grambling, Arkansas A&M, North Carolina A&T, etc., etc., etc.

MICHAEL SAUNDERS
Greensboro, N.C.

Sir:

I am not much on traditions, but I love the tradition of the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day. And I strongly disagree with scheduling the grandfather of all bowls on Jan. 2 even if New Year's Day is on a Sunday this year. New Year's has always been a day for college football and should stay that way. Why should they take a day that belongs to great college teams and give it to the pros to play their conference championships?

ARNOLD CROSSON
Harrisburg, Pa.

PUB CRAWL

Sir:

As everyone in the Midwest knows, especially those in the Big Eight Conference, Kansas State offers what no other college town in the nation can match (Watering Holes, Sept. 5). We in Wildcat Land have what is known as Aggieville. This community (a two-square-block area) within a community has 13 taverns and five liquor stores (not including restaurants which offer game-day specials on the suds).

When the crowd pours into Aggieville after a football or basketball game, the streets are closed off and one heck of a party develops, both inside and outside the bars.

We invite Roy Blount Jr. and Bernard Fuchs to a free pitcher of purple beer in Aggieville, the home of the Wildcats.

ROBERT COE
HANK SPENCER
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Manhattan, Kans.

Sir:

If Blount and Fuchs happen to find themselves within a few blocks of Mississippi Memorial Stadium on a hot autumn afternoon, tell them to stop by for a cold one on us, and we'll talk football in one of the nation's most

famous elbow-bending establishments—The Cherokee Inn.

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SCARLET KNIGHTS

Sir:

After reading your article on the Penn State-Rutgers game (*Hello Big Time, So Long Sorsk*, Sept. 12), we feel that Pat Putnam was not justified in his barb about the Lehigh football program. Rutgers' 18-game winning streak started after a 34-20 defeat by Lehigh in Taylor Stadium. The statistics of that game—and last year's 28-21 Rutgers victory in the closing minutes—show that a game with Lehigh is a little bit more than a week off for the Scarlet Knights.

THE BROTHERS OF BETA THETA PI
LEHIGH UNIVERSITY
Bethlehem, Pa.

Sir:

While Rutgers was totally outclassed, their mere presence on the same field with a fine Penn State team is a major accomplishment, considering that in the recent past the Knights were being dominated by teams like Princeton, Delaware and Massachusetts. The rapid and tremendous advances made in the last few years by Rutgers are to be commended, not downgraded. There is no need to apologize for 18 wins in a row because they may have come against weaker competition, instead it is an achievement to be savored.

THOMAS J. GALLO
Hampson, Va.

DESERVING OF BETTER

Sir:

On Sept. 8, Phil Niekro (*He Didn't Knockle Under*, Sept. 12) again went to the mound for the Atlanta Braves. He allowed three earned runs in eight innings, gave up four walks and with his seven strikeouts broke the club record for strikeouts in a season. He was not involved in the decision and the Braves lost 5-4 in extra innings. Niekro is not a complainer, but I am sure he would acknowledge that if he played for the Dodgers, Yankees, Reds or Phillies, he would be a consistent 20-game winner.

As a Braves fan (and don't ask me why), I thank you for recognizing a good man and pitcher who happens to be stuck with "a sorry bunch of dead-enders."

LARRY ALFORD
Alexander City, Ala.

EL PASO WHIZ

Sir:

Jim Paul might be a good general manager (*Bananas in the Bushes*, Sept. 12), but it seems to me that anyone who thinks that baseball is

boring doesn't deserve to be the owner of a baseball team.

JOHN PATRICE
Malden, Mass.

Sir:

What's so special about Jim Paul? Arkansas Travelers' GM Bill Valentine has proven himself a master of promotion in drawing crowds of more than 6,000 to a park smaller than El Paso's. There have been several nights on which Little Rock outdrew the Atlanta Braves. Kazoo Night is no stranger to Little Rock, either.

THOMAS FAJCE
Little Rock, Ark.

Sir:

What about some credit for the great baseball fans of Columbus, Ohio? Under General Manager George Sisler, the seventh-place Clippers of the International League drew more than 450,000, the first time a Triple A club has accomplished this feat since 1970.

STEVEN YASHON
Columbus, Ohio

MEADOWLANDS

Sir:

Sonny Werblin (*Misrule in the Meadows*, Sept. 12) is the greatest person to come into the State of New Jersey since a guy named George Washington crossed the Delaware.

RON CERESINA
Trenton, N.J.

Sir:

Mr. Werblin made some foolish statements, like, "There's no more New York." I say, try telling 7½ million of the greatest people in the world that New York doesn't exist. It's snakes in the grass like Werblin that wreck America's national shrines (the cities). Mr. Werblin, I hope you sink in the swamp.

WARREN ROSENBERG
New York City

TRACK AND FIELD

Sir:

Reading Kenny Moore's article, *The Cup Turned Into a Coop* (Sept. 12), something bothered me: How could Cuba's Alberto Juantorena protest a race and have it run over again? So he didn't hear the starter's gun go off. That's tough. Remember the 1972 Munich Olympics?

When, through no fault of their own, American sprinters Eddie Haer and Rey Robinson missed their quarterfinals in the 100 because their coach was using an out-of-date schedule, they didn't get a second chance. I guess it just depends on which country you're from.

ROBERT CAMPBELL
Knoxville, Tenn.

continued

As I Did It

by LARRY COLTON

THIS HURLER'S CAREER ENDED WHEN HE LEFT HIS FASTBALL IN SAN FRANCISCO

"You better think of something quick, Rook," bullpen Catcher Clay Dalrymple hollered at me as I completed my warm-ups and headed for the mound at Cincinnati's old Crosley Field on May 6, 1968 to pitch in my first—and last—big league game.

I was then what is called a "promising rookie" for the Philadelphia Phillies. "Larry Colton is the best young pitching prospect I've scouted this season," said Ned Garver, a scout for the Reds. "Philadelphia has a fine young pitcher named Larry Colton who is expected to help fill in for the consistent game winner Jim Banning, who was traded," wrote *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

I came on in relief in the bottom of the sixth inning to face Pete Rose. Never mind that Rose was working on a 20-game hitting streak; I was just thrilled to be in a big league game.

When Rose sent my third pitch rocketing off the scoreboard for a stand-up double, I was considerably less enchanted. Suddenly I realized that I might need to think of something quick.

I must have thought of something—I can't begin to guess now what it was—because I settled down to retire Alex Johnson, Vada Pinson and Tony Perez. "Nice job," Manager Gene Mauch mumbled as I walked off the mound. Those were the first words he had uttered to me since I had joined the team two weeks earlier. I had visions of greatness as I sat in the dugout, waiting to challenge the powerful Reds again.

"Pitch one more inning, Colton. Then I'm going to pinch-hit for you," Mauch said, interrupting my fantasy. Although it was late in the game and we were trailing by five, Mauch had not given up, even if Leftfielder Richie Allen had.

In the first inning, Allen had allowed Johnny Bench to stretch a routine single into a double. When Allen returned to the dugout at the end of the inning, Mauch quietly reprimanded him for his lack of hustle. Allen, who wanted out of Philadelphia, sauntered to the end of the

bench and said to no one in particular, "I just might not hit for the man tonight." He then proceeded to strike out twice.

The Reds nicked me for a run in my second inning, when Lee May blasted a hanging curveball high off the left-field wall and scored on a bloop single by Tommy Helms. But all things considered, it was an acceptable beginning: two innings, one run, two strikeouts. I was ready for more.

And I was grateful that I had made my debut on the road, rather than before the notorious boo birds of Philadelphia. The Phillies were mired in a 17-year losing streak, and the tolerance of the fans was growing thin. The first time I ever set foot on the lush grass at Connie Mack Stadium, the fans got on me. It did not make any difference that I was just headed to the bullpen to loosen up, or that I had never even been in a game. A couple of weeks later, those same fans booed a public address announcement that slick-fielding Shortstop Bobby Wine had successfully undergone surgery to repair a ruptured disk.

Evidently Mauch was not too impressed with my two-inning performance in Cincinnati, because I did not see any more action for the rest of the month. "He's saving me for the pennant drive," I assured my wife as I prepared for a trip to the West Coast to play the Giants and Dodgers. For me, the visit to California was going to be my triumphant return as a big-leaguer to the state where I was raised. I happily anticipated telling my parents and college buddies how it felt to be playing in the bigs.

"How would you know?" chided one friend as we sipped beers in a hilltop bar after the third game in San Francisco.

"Never mind," I replied. "Finish your beer and let's leave this place. I've got to hurry back. It's already past curfew."

"What are you worried about curfew for, Larry? You could miss the game tomorrow and Mauch would never know the difference," my friend said as we left.

Just outside the door we found three hostile-looking bruisers blocking our path. "Excuse me," I said, trying to use the polite approach to get past them. When I felt a solid right-hand crash into my ear, I decided that these boys had not been studying up on Emily Post. "What the hell did I do to you? I don't even know you," I moaned from my prone position on the sidewalk.

Stunned, I rose to my haunches, ready to fight back, and was immediately blindsided by another blow that knocked me down. This time the fight was over. I suffered a shoulder separation when I hit the sidewalk the second time.

After spending the night in the hospital, I took a cab to the ball park to reveal my misfortune to Mauch. As I walked into the manager's office, I was convinced he was going to fine me heavily for missing curfew and being injured in a barroom fight. On my \$8,000 a year—then the major league minimum—I could ill afford it.

"What the hell happened to you, Colton?" Mauch bellowed when he saw me. "You look terrible. Were you in a fight?"

There I stood, my arm in a sling, my eye swollen shut and my cheek puffed to twice its normal size. I could only stammer, "Um... no, sir. My shoulder popped out when I reached for the phone at the hotel, and a friend accidentally hit me in the face with his school ring while we were horsing around."

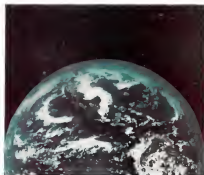
Mauch looked at me for a second, shook his head and said, "Oh." Fortunately he had other matters on his mind and had neither the time nor the desire to pursue the questioning. "I'll put you on the disabled list and tell the press you separated your shoulder answering the phone," he said. A story in a Philadelphia paper the next day reported: PHILLY PITCHER COLTON LOST A BATTLE TO PACIFIC BELL TELEPHONE.

Six weeks later—and five days before I was to receive a bonus of \$6,500 for being in the big leagues for 90 days—Bob Skinner, who had replaced Mauch, called me into his office to inform me that I was being sent to the Phillies' farm in San Diego. "Get that shoulder into shape, and you'll be back up in no time," Skinner assured me.

I spent the next two seasons trying to make it back, but it never happened. After the first year, I was traded to the Cub organization as the player to be named later in the Johnny Callison for Dick Seles-Oscar Gamble deal. I won 27 games in those last two seasons, but it was clear that I had left my fastball high on a hill in San Francisco.

It's just as well, I guess, because now I will be able to tell my grandkids or anyone else who will listen. "Sure, I was a big league pitcher. I averaged a strikeout an inning, just like Sandy Koufax." **END**

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19TH HOLE continued

Sir

You say that Jacek Wiszola of Poland won the high jump at the European team-selection meet. Actually, Rolf Beilschmidt won, but being from East Germany, which had its own team in the World Cup, he was ineligible for Team Europe. Wiszola, who was second, thereby made the team. Beilschmidt also won the event in the World Cup, beating among others, Dwight Stones and Wiszola.

Also, I was slightly surprised that you did not mention Francie Larnee-Lutz' fine 1,500-meter run (a very close second). Jan Merrill (third place) didn't do too badly in the 3,000 either.

STEPHEN DAVIES
Simsbury, Conn.

• Merrill's American record of 8:46.6 was noted in FOR THE RECORD—ED

HIT MAN

Sir

When Earle Shavers ranks himself ahead of the likes of Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey and Rocky Marciano as a hard hitter, he is being ridiculous (*The Importance of Being Earnest*, Act I, Sept. 12). KO percentages do not always prove a fighter's hitting ability, the ability of the opponents must also be taken into account. Shavers could not have lasted one round with Jack Dempsey in his prime.

HARRY JACOBS
Doylestown, Pa.

GOOD NEWS

Sir

After reading Frank Deford's review of *The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training* (Sept. 12), I disagree with his evaluation that the "real" victory is when Tanner evades the two adults chasing him.

Having seen *BNB I* 40 times and *BNB II* 27 times—I work as an usher in a movie theater—I feel that I am in the right position to make a comment on both films and the audience reactions.

In *BNB II*, Tanner's captors are boored, but that is not what gets the largest reaction. The most vocal and expressive reaction occurs when Carmen slides into home with the winning run and the umpire signals him safe. At this point in the film, the audience goes berserk. Popcorn flies. Every kid jumps up and down. All the adults cheer and all the girls scream while the boys whistle.

Also, when the people file out the doors, they talk about how they are glad the Bears won. Most comment that they have formed an allegiance to the Bears.

Now I'll have to wait to see *BNB III*.

TIMOTHY MCTAGGART
Philadelphia

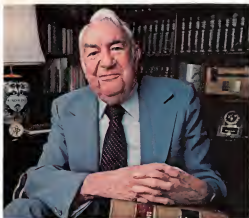
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